criticism that "he set the university in place of the hierarchy," and indeed in the long run the professor is always mightier than the bishop. The chair divided him from the church, but it made him the teacher of all the churches; and secure in the love and reverence of all, he is independent of the praise or blame of any, all the more Catholic that he ceased to be of a special Catholicism.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CRITICS.

THE publication of General Booth's book, the notice in the newspapers of a fashionable marriage, and the details of the Hampstead murder, formed the starting-point of three different articles in three of the weekly reviews of last Saturday. Each of these articles dealt more or less closely with the democracy. The *Saturday Review* has maintained a perfectly consistent attitude towards the Salvation Army; it has pointed out, quite truly, that the taste shown by the Army is distinctly bad; its denunciations of the Army's irreverence have not been stronger than might have been expected from the organ of the High Church party, although intentional irreverence has never been proved; to the noise which disturbs quiet people, and to the blocking of thoroughfares, it very properly objects. It has not taken the whole question very seriously, and its flippancy has sometimes appeared to be assumed. Last Saturday, however, there was a slight change of tone, and rather more than a column was devoted to a consideration of General Booth's new plan. General Booth is still "General" Booth to the *Saturday Review*, but his book is met with criticism of a sort, and not with a few stale sneers. Two main points are urged: first, that General Booth's scheme will conflict with many excellent schemes now in working order; secondly, that it is "too big to be practicable, too complex to be worked under one head and centre." In what way General Booth's scheme will conflict with any other is not mentioned; the wonderful talent for organisation which he has shown in the past, and which makes such conflict improbable, is apparently forgotten; but the most complete answer to the first objection of the *Saturday Review* lies in the fact that the *Saturday Review* in this same article allows that the need is very great. If we have so many excellent schemes, all in such excellent working order, why is the work not done? Why have we still got the destitute millions before us? The second objection is one which might have been made many years ago to a perfectly accurate forecast of the future of the Salvation Army, had such a forecast ever been written. Seeing from what the Salvation Army has grown, and to what it has grown, we are extremely reluctant to denounce any scheme seriously and carefully elaborated by its leader, as being "too big to be practicable." We must remember who will be the "one head and centre" of the scheme. There are many weak points in General Booth: he is only human. But he is an earnest man; he has proved his talent for organisation; he has proved his capacity for winning the sympathies of the masses. We would say nothing against gentleness, and quiet, and culture. We hope to attain them in the end. It is a pretty work to prune the vine, a beautiful thing to let in the sunlight on the fruit, and to watch the perfection of bloom, and shape, and colour; but first of all something has to be done at the roots, something at which we may hold our noses, but which is, for all that, requisite.

We have not the patience to deal at any great length with the inaccuracies or the want of decent feeling which marked an article in the *Scots Observer* for last week, entitled "The Simple Annals of the Poor." It commenced with a description of the democracy, supposed to be commonly given by "Radical journalists and orators." Such a description has never, to our knowledge, been given by any reputable journalist or orator, Radical or otherwise. But one would have thought that, after setting up such a dummy, it would have been easy for the writer to bowl it over, without having recourse to unfair methods. To generalise from a special instance is a very poor trick. In this case the writer generalises from the state of immorality disclosed by the preliminary inquiries into the Hampstead murder. An answer on the same lines would be very easy indeed. But it is not so much the logical futility of it which makes this article so peculiarly contemptible; it is rather the fact that the author shuts out the greater portion of humanity from his sympathies. If this article may be taken to represent the voice of the Tory party to-day, then the Tory party are saying: "We hate and despise the poorer classes. We hate and despise all who listen to them and try to help them." This piece of brutality should not be forgotten by electors.

An interesting article in last week's *Spectator*, entitled "Fashion and Democracy," blames the democracy for being dull and unable to amuse itself, for reading the fashionable intelligence in the newspapers, and gazing with stupid admiration at the entertainments of the rich. Now the democracy has not generally been found, by those who have lived among the poor and known them, to be at all dull by nature. Circumstances may sometimes make the poor dull, and may sometimes make them vicious. But the labouring classes are not the criminal classes, nor is the democracy at all wanting in brightness and energy. Circumstances, we have said, may make the democracy dull. Take an aristocratic and high-spirited child; keep it cold and hungry, overwork it, abuse it, and ill-treat it. The high spirits will vanish, and the child will become dull and dejected. The child of the streets cannot escape physiological laws; neither can the children of the aristocracy. Of the shrewdness and brightness of the street Arab we gave a few instances last week; we do not argue from them, but we would point out that the presence of those qualities in that class is proverbial. Nor are the poor unable to amuse themselves, but they have their own ways of amusement. Some of them are coarse enough, and some are incomprehensible. From many of the more refined amusements they are barred by the expense, by want of leisure, or by want of knowledge. There are those who are trying to remedy this, and who are rewarded not infrequently by the sneers of the Conservative press. Sneering is much lighter work than helping, and the *bon mot* pays better (journalistically) than good feeling. It is not quite fair to charge the poorer classes with reading the fashionable intelligence in the newspapers. The middle-classes are its chief patrons. If a real democrat reads it at all, it is to provide a text for his diatribes against the extravagance and luxury of the aristocracy. It is true that the people do love to gaze "at amusements in which they do not partake." They watch the wedding party enter the church, the guests arriving at an entertainment in a great house, the fashionable people in the Row; but the writer in the *Spectator* thinks that this is due solely to envy, to dull wonder. This is not so. The people do not gaze with "vacant stares." They are quite judicial. They will watch the luxurious carriages and fine horses of the aristocracy, if there is nothing better in the way of shows; they would leave them in a moment to see a good circus procession. They like plenty of colour, and things which are not quite usual with them; and the taste shows no sign of dulness and stupidity, at any rate. At the present time we may believe that the democracy is quite awake. It is beginning to learn when it is wronged, and to resent the wrong—not always in the best and most telling fashion. It represents a great power; the people are considerable. It will not do to deny them our sympathies, or to refuse them our help; and it will not pay to despise them. We believe that this argument has especial weight with those who are most inclined to be contemptuous.

ROGER NORTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE Cambridge wit who some vast amount of years ago sang of Bohn's publications, "so useful to the student of Latin and Greek," hit with unerring precision the main characteristic of those very numerous volumes. Utility was the badge of all that tribe, save indeed of those woeful "Extra Volumes" which are as much out of place amongst their grave brethren as John Knox at a ballet. There was something in the binding of Messrs. Bohn's books which was austere and even forbidding; their excellence, their authority, could not be denied by even a youthful desperado, but reading them always wore the stern aspect of duty. The binding had undoubtedly a good deal to do with this. It has now been discarded by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the present proprietors, in favour of brighter colours. The difference thus effected is enormous. The old binding is kept in stock because, so we are told, "it is endeared to many book-lovers by association." The piety of Messrs. Bell has misled them. No book-lover, we feel certain, ever held one of Messrs. Bohn's publications in his hands except to read it.

A valuable addition has just been made to the "Standard Library," by the publication—in three bright and cheerful volumes—of Roger North's well-known "Lives of the Norths," and also—and this practically for the first time—of Roger North's Autobiography, a book unknown to Macaulay, and which he would have read with fierce interest, bludgeon in hand, having no love for the family.

Dr. Jessopp, who edits the volumes with his accustomed skill, mentions in the Preface how the manuscript of the Autobiography belonged to the late Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, and was sold after the death of that bibliophile, in 1883, and four years later printed for private circulation. It now comes before the general public. It is not long, and deserves attention. The style is gritty and the story far from exciting, but the book is interesting, particularly for lawyers, a deserving class of readers for whose special entertainment small care is usually taken.

Roger North was born at Tostock in Suffolk in 1653—the youngest of his brothers. Never was man more of a younger brother than he. This book of his might be called "The Autobiography of a Younger Brother." The elder brother was, of course, Francis, afterwards Lord Guilford, a well-hated man, both in his own day and after it, but who at all events looked well after Roger, who was some sixteen years his junior.

In 1669 Roger North was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, Francis being then a Bencher of that learned society. Roger had chambers on the west side of Middle Temple Lane, and £10 wherewith to furnish them and buy a gown, and other necessaries. He says it was not enough, but that he managed to make it serve. His excellent mother, though she had some ten children and a difficult husband, produced £30, with which he bought law books. His father allowed him £40 a year, and he had his big brother at hand to help him out of debt now and again.

He was, we feel as we read, a little uneasy under his brother's eye. The elder North had a disagreeable fashion of putting "little contempts" upon his brother, and had a way of raising his own character by depressing Roger's, which was hard to bear. But Roger North bore it bravely; he meant sticking to his brother, and stick he did. In five years he saw Francis become King's Counsel, Solicitor- and Attorney-General. "If he should die," writes Roger, "I am lost." But Francis did not die, which was as well, for he was much better suited for this world than the next.

Roger North was no great student of the law. He was fond of mathematics, optics, mechanics, architecture, music, and of sailing a small yacht—given him by Mr. Windham of Felbrigge—on the Thames; and he gives in his Autobiography interesting accounts of these pastimes. He was very anxious indeed to get on and make money, but he relied more upon his brother than upon either his own brains or his own industry.

In 1674 Francis North became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, succeeding Sir John Vaughan, the friend of Selden; and Roger at once got himself called to the Bar, and thenceforward, so far as possible, whenever Francis was on the Bench, there was Roger pleading before him. Indeed, it went much farther than this. "I kept so closely to him that I can safely say I saw him abed every night without intermission for divers years together, which enables me to contradict the malicious report a relation raised of him that he kept a mistress as the mode of that time was." The morals of a Chief Justice two centuries after his death having no personal concern for this generation, we feel free to confess that we are rather sorry for Francis with Roger ever by his side in this unpleasantly pertinacious fashion. The younger North, so he tells us, always drove down to Westminster with the Chief Justice, and he frankly admits that his chief *appui* was his brother's character, fame, and interest. Not being a Serjeant, Roger could not actually practise in the Common Pleas, but on various circuits, at the Guildhall, at the Treasury, and wherever else he could lawfully go before the Chief Justice there Roger went and got a business together. He also made money, sometimes as much as nine pounds a day, from court-keeping—that is, attending manor courts. This was a device of his elder brother's, who used to practise it before he was called to the Bar. It savours of pettifogging. However, it seems in Roger's case to have led to his obtaining the patent office of Temporal Steward to the See of Canterbury, to which he had the courage to stick after the deprivation of Archbishop Sancroft. This dogged devotion to the Church redeems North's life from a common-placedness which would otherwise be hopeless. The Archbishop left his faithful steward £20 for a ring, but North preferred, like a wise man, to buy books, which he had bound in the Archbishop's manner.

In 1682 Roger North "took silk," as the phrase now goes, and became one of the Attorney-General's devils, in which capacity his name is to be found in the reports of the trial of Lord William Russell. What he says about that trial in the Autobiography is just what might be expected from an Attorney-General's devil—that is, that never before was a State trial conducted with such candour and fairness. He admits that this is not the judgment of the world; but then, says he, "the world never did nor will understand its true good, or reward, encourage, or endure its true patriots and friends."

At the end of 1683 Francis North came home one night with no less remarkable a companion in his coach than the Great Seal. Roger instantly transposed himself to the Court of Chancery, where he began coining money. "My whole study," he says, "is causes and motions." He found it hard work, but he buckled-to, and boasts—like so many of his brethren, alive as well as dead—that he, at all events, always read his briefs. In the first year his fees amounted to £4,000, in the second to nearly as much, but in the third there was a falling-off, owing to a smaller quantity of business in the Court. A new Lord Keeper was always the occasion of the re-hearing of old causes. The defeated litigants wished to try their luck before the new man. North was at first astonished with the size of the fees he was offered; he even refused them, thinking them bribes; "but my fellow-practisers' conversation soon cured me of that nicety." And yet the biggest fee he ever got was twenty guineas. Ten guineas was the usual fee on a "huge" brief, and five "in the better sort of causes." In ordinary cases Roger North would take two or three guineas, and one guinea for motions and defences.

In the Long Vacations Roger still stuck to his

brother, who no doubt found him useful. Thus when the Mayor, Aldermen, and Council of Banbury came over to Wroxton to pay their respects to the Lord Keeper, they were handed over to the charge of Roger, who walked them all over the house to show the rooms, and then made them drunk at dinner "and dismissed them to their lodgings in ditches homeward bound." But the effort was too much for him, and no sooner were they gone than he had to lie down, all on fire, upon the ground, from which he rose very sick and scarce recovered in some days. As a rule he was a most temperate man, and hated the custom and extravagance of drinking. He had not enough understanding to obfuscate it by drink.

All went well with the brothers until the death of Charles the Second. Then the horizon grew troubled—but still Roger was being talked of as a Baron of the Exchequer, when the Lord Keeper died on the 5th of September, 1685. With him ended the public life of his younger brother. Roger North was only 32. He was a King's Counsel, and in considerable practice, but he had not the will—perhaps he had not the force, to stand alone. At the Revolution he became a non-juror, and retired into the country. His Autobiography also ceases with his brother's death.

He had much private family business to transact, and in 1690 he bought the Rougham estate in Norfolk, where he carried on building and planting on a considerable scale. He married and had children, bought books, restored the parish church, and finally died on the 1st of March, 1734, in his 81st year.

Dr. Jessopp tells us very little is left of Roger North—his house has been pulled down, his trees pulled up, and his books dispersed. But his lives of his three brothers and now the autobiography of himself, will keep his memory green. There is something about him one rather likes, though were we asked what it is, we should have no answer ready.

THE PURITAN IN AMERICA.

II.

THE considerations which have been already detailed, the lessons of her special religious, social, and literary growth, the personal influences and associations which make so much of her ground sacred, important as they are, do not by any means exhaust the significance of New England for us and for modern America. The American belief in education, with the policy it created, and still more the men and agencies needed for its realisation, are mainly products of the Puritan States. The schools and colleges of the Centre and West have been largely created and manned from New England. With every extension of the frontier a fresh band of academic pioneers have come from the East. What they did three generations ago in Ohio, two generations ago in Illinois and Missouri, one generation since in Iowa, they are doing to-day in the half-settled wilds of Nebraska and Oregon, Dakota and Washington. The number of Eastern-born and trained men and women one finds engaged in education everywhere, alike in the biggest cities and most rudimentary townships, is surprising. The diffusion of the New England school-ma'am is proverbial. She is ubiquitous, indefatigable, courageous, does not shrink from dealing with the lawless louts of Chicago and St. Louis, with the wild scions of Colorado miners, or with the brawnier youth who are reared amid the hardships of the North-West. She threatens, indeed, the supremacy of the male in the public schools, and proves that she possesses superior qualities as a pioneer in frontier education. One provision in the great ladies' college at Wellesley, with its seven hundred and fifty students, struck me as most admirable and necessary, yet most pathetic. A special Hall is provided where women who have been teaching for eight or ten years, and who have been worn out by their labours, may return and by new studies refresh themselves with new energies and enthusiasms for their work.

And it is not in the schools only that New England has been the fruitful mother of teachers; the new Universities which are so full of promise in East and West, like Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, owe much to the inherited academic genius and professorial passion of her sons. And even more significant are the multitude of small colleges created by the East in the West. They are, indeed, a multitude so great that it would be calamitous were the country old and glutted; but to a country so vast yet being peopled so quickly it is a necessity. The number of colleges in the United States concerned with the arts and sciences alone is 360, with 4,834 professors and 75,333 students; the number of colleges of all kinds devoted both to liberal education and the professional disciplines, is 988, with 12,409 professors and tutors, and 145,446 scholars. These figures are enough to show, not simply the supply, but the desire and the demand for the higher education; and what is more significant is, that the supply and the demand have alike been, almost exclusively, the creation of the Churches. For while the States have created the schools, the Churches, mainly, have created the colleges, and have done so as a part of their essential work; and in so doing they have proved themselves wise. It is easy for us in England to make merry over the sort of places called colleges in America—to compare them with our own ancient Universities, with their historic names, their scholarship, their classic buildings, their elaborate mechanism, tutorial, professorial, examinational; but the comparison is even more unjust to ourselves than to the Americans. The pride of an ancient lineage, which created us and which we did nothing to create, is even more vulgar than the vanity of the newest of the new rich. The multitude of even amorphous colleges, many of them little better than the classical "one-horse shay," is infinitely more creditable than their absence would have been, or than their creation by a central and paternal authority. They represent the living impulse and ambition of the people, their determination to get something higher than a common-school education, their belief in the culture of the mind as nobler than the abundance of material things. One has but to know the internal history of many of these colleges to be filled with admiration for their work and the men who do it. In a country which believes, if ever country did, in the "almighty dollar," which so feels the immensity of the material resources it has at command, that it can hardly help being overcome and commanded by them, men are to be met with, high-minded, educated, possessed of a culture which would not disgrace the Universities of England, who have accepted salaries that merchants' clerks would despise, have withdrawn from the society cultivated men most love, and have, under the least promising conditions, undertaken the most irksome of academic drudgeries. And it is well that the colleges these men conduct and constitute should exist by the hundred. They have a great work to-day; they will have a greater work in a not remote future. They include the beginnings of things; they influence large districts, they form the character of young cities, they qualify men, poor as their qualifications often are, for the better service of Church and State. And so the impulse towards their creation in the centre and West, which has been so directed, fostered, and supported by the East, is one of the most hopeful and statesmanlike of all the instincts and impulses which distinguish the American people; and it is one they owe to the Puritan men and States.

In order to estimate the necessity and the function of education, lower and higher, and especially of common education in America, it is necessary to remember the peculiar circumstances and difficulties of the country. They are not so much a homogeneous

people as a conglomerate of many and often hostile nationalities, of different and often alien races. But they must attain homogeneity that they may realise unity and order, the progress and the stability without which they cannot have a happy and civilised life. Between 1820 and 1890 immigration added, in round numbers, fifteen and a quarter millions to the population of the United States; and only a very small proportion of these were akin in speech, character, inherited instincts, and tendencies, to the five millions that, at the opening of this century, inhabited the Atlantic seaboard. Three and a half millions were Irish, four and a half German. Canada has supplied over a million, Italy, France, Hungary, Scandinavia, Russia, and Poland have supplied their quotas by the hundred thousand. And we have to add to this extraordinary mingling of bloods and tongues, the Southern French, the Spanish American, the Indian, the Negro, and the Chinese.

Now, it may well be asked, is it possible to conceive a harder problem than to weld these many peoples into one? The immigrants bring with them their speech, customs, prejudices, religion or want of religion, their ingrained admiration or hate of their native Government, the passions and instincts begotten under the old conditions, and not capable of extinction by the simple process of geographical change. They begin life in the New World as they have been made by the Old, and the troubles of the Old Country become the difficulties of the New, aggravated as it were by all being thrown into a single seething cauldron. The men are not united by any great simple sentiment like patriotism; they have not come to America through love of America; it is not their fatherland, and they do not feel to it as if it were. Nor are the modern immigrants, like the old colonists, men possessed of a common faith, compelled by love of it to seek the wilderness where they may freely profess it, and build up a society on its basis and according to its ideals. They are simply the victims of the struggle for existence, fugitives from over-populated countries, driven by want or fear of want from a home they did not wish to leave, to a country where their one ambition is to find room and means for living. Men so coming are not the noblest or most tractable of material, or the most easily assimilated. The sullen yet always explosive discontent of the Irish in Ireland very easily becomes active and articulate discontent in America. The military spirit and discipline of the German makes him now contemptuous to the freedom in home and school of his adopted country, now impatient with them, and anxious to retain the speech and the methods in which he himself was trained. The man transplanted against his will would transplant more than himself, and more than is compatible with the homogeneity, the unity, the order of the country he has adopted.

And it is just here where the necessity of a universal and a common education becomes obvious; it must be universal, to reach all, especially the latest comers; and it must be common, to unify and incorporate all. The only method of making a homogeneous people out of so many heterogeneous nationalities is an education that shall take the children of the first American, and every succeeding generation, and fuse them together, forming in them a new patriotism, enriching them with common traditions and common ambitions, begetting in them a larger collective consciousness, and inspiring them with ideals congenial to the new soil and capable of being realised upon it. This idea of a common and higher education, with the method and agencies needed for its realisation, is what America owes to the Puritan men and States. Whatever tends to break up and sectionalise this common education, threatens disaster, disorder, and disunity to America; whatever tends to preserve it will help to organise the moral and progressive forces that make for the happiness and freedom of the future. A. M. F.

SPANISH CONCERTS.

AMONG the numerous concerts of different kinds given this autumn in London, the palm of novelty must certainly be awarded to those offered by Señor Albeniz, the celebrated Spanish pianist and composer. Until quite recently, we in England knew as little of the art music of the Spaniards as to this day the Spaniards in all probability know of ours. Señor Albeniz, however, has revealed to us the existence of a distinguished school of modern Spanish composers, with himself prominently among them. He first became known in this country as a pianoforte *virtuoso*, and something more; for it was evident from the beginning that this pianist, with a technique and a tone worthy of the best traditions of Liszt, was not to be regarded simply as an executant. The pianoforte pieces to which he gradually introduced us were remarkable for their melodic charm, their grace, and their refinement. There is something in almost all of them which reminds one of Chopin. Then it appeared that this pianist and composer of pianoforte music had, moreover, written concertos and symphonies, and that he was as much a master of orchestral writing as of pianoforte playing. At the age of twenty-nine he has composed 202 pieces—or had when the last computation was made; for his *opus* number is probably higher at this moment by several units. Besides compositions of all kinds for the concert-room, Señor Albeniz has composed two operas, and he is said to be now engaged on a third, which is to be produced for the first time in London.

At his orchestral concerts Señor Albeniz is far from confining himself to the presentation of his own works. The programme of the first contained but one orchestral piece from his pen. It included, however, works by several other Spanish composers of the present day, one of whom, Señor Breton, may be regarded as the most successful composer of grand opera that Spain has produced. Señor Breton has written works of a lighter kind; but those which are above all characteristic of his genius are the operas entitled *Guzman the Noble*, and *The Lovers of Teruel*. Both are composed in the modern style, and without being, in an imitative sense, Wagnerian, show, like all serious compositions of the last twenty years, the influence of Wagner. Apart from the question of style, Señor Breton's scores exhibit a fund of melody, which, Wagner would be the first to tell us (see "Opera and Drama" and other literary works of this master), is the basis of all music.

The success of Señor Breton's operas in Spain may doubtless, in some measure, be explained by the character of his subjects, which belong, at once to the history and the literature of his country. He has treated them, too, in an eminently national spirit, while employing on occasion (at least in *The Lovers of Teruel*) national Spanish melodies. In *Guzman the Noble*, a one-act musical tragedy, the composer deals with a terrible incident in the siege of a town defended by his hero against the combined attack of Moorish troops, and the troops of a Spanish pretender. The commander of the Spanish contingent of besiegers has somehow got possession of Don Guzman's child, and, calling the father to the ramparts, he threatens, unless Guzman surrenders the town, to put his only son to death. Don Guzman replies to this menace by throwing his dagger to its utterer, exclaiming that his duty to the king is dearer to him than his own blood. Don Guzman's child is slain before his father's eyes. The defenders, in their indignation, make a sally and disperse the besiegers. Then the king embraces Don Guzman, and bestows upon him the epithet of "*El Bueno*."

The story of *The Lovers of Teruel*, as beautiful and as dramatic as that of "The Lovers of Verona," belongs, equally with the story of *Guzman the*

Noble, to the ancient chronicles of Spain. The incidents are of the beginning of the thirteenth century, and their fame, in due course, reached other countries; for one of Boccacio's most pathetic tales, written more than a century later, is evidently founded on the true history of the unfortunate pair. Struck by the beauty of Boccacio's tale, Alfred de Musset has retold it, with a grace worthy of Boccacio himself, in his poem of "Sylvie;" and in Spain several writers had treated the subject before it received, in the early part of the seventeenth century, its final literary form at the hands of Tirso de Molina. Its definitive musical form has certainly been given to it by Señor Breton, who, by the way, like Wagner and like Berlioz, is his own librettist.

The subject of *The Lovers of Teruel* is as heroic, but less gloomy than that of *Guzman the Noble;* for it is constantly lighted up by love-passages, now of the most tender, now of the most passionate kind. Don Diego loves Isabel, but, being poor, is not allowed to marry her. She promises Diego to wait five years for him, during which period he fights the Moors. At the expiration of the fifth year, not hearing from him, she becomes the wife of Don Azagra, the suitor favoured by her father; but the ceremony has scarcely been celebrated when Diego returns to claim her. He has greatly distinguished himself, and is now a personage of importance.

Both the lovers are heart-broken. Isabel will not see Diego. But he enters her house at night, makes his way to her room, tells her that he is dying and implores her to give him one kiss. This she mournfully refuses. Diego thereupon dies, and Isabel hastens to tell her husband; relating the incidents as though they had occurred not to her, but to some other lady. Don Azagra declares that in such a case the husband would be bound to help his wife to get rid of her unhappy lover's dead body; and when the whole truth has been told him, he carries the corpse to the house of Diego's father, and places it outside the door. The next morning there is general consternation in Teruel at the mysterious death of Don Diego, who had fought with the greatest bravery against the Moors; and the King (Don John of Aragon) orders a public funeral. Isabel becomes distracted, and ultimately dies from grief. The husband, Don Azagra, orders the lovers to be buried in the same tomb; and, according to tradition, their bodies were discovered, three centuries afterwards, in a state of absolute preservation when the church of San Pedro, where they had been entombed, was undergoing some repairs.

The love-scene between Diego and Isabel when Diego is departing for the wars, his return, the scene of Diego's death in Isabel's room, the funeral procession, and the final scene in the church, are so many opportunities for fine dramatic music; by all of which Señor Breton has fully profited.

"BEAU AUSTIN."

In some pleasant couplets, which serve as a prologue to the play which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday, Mr. W. E. Henley modestly claims for the work on which he has collaborated with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that it is

> "A sketch, a shadow, of the brave old time,
> A hint of what it might have held sublime."

We do not associate sublimity with the Georgian beaux. Brummel, the best-remembered of them, was in his heyday the companion of a prince who cannot be said to have had even a bowing acquaintance with a spiritual idea. Thackeray's analysis of George IV.—"waistcoats, and then more waistcoats"—is a sufficient description of Brummel. The dandy of that period had a heart which was measured by his tailor, and he would not have held anything more sublime than the perfect fit of the cravat which Mr. Tree ties in this play to the rapt admiration of his valet. Such, in brief, was probably the stock of knowledge with which the *literati* at the Haymarket prepared to listen to the adventures of Beau Austin. They heard, to begin with, that he had shot his most intimate friend for the sake of Perdita Robinson; that, although the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he had done no memorable service to mankind, and that on one particular woman he had inflicted the worst of wrongs without a moment's compunction. This was in keeping with our prepossessions, and caused no surprise. When we saw the Beau in front of his looking-glass, and observed the elaborate trifling which made the sum of his manners, we felt that here was a Hyde who had no Jekyll. But this was not the moral for the sake of which two distinguished authors had written four acts. Suddenly upon the scene came the young man who had asked the betrayed lady to be his wife, and who called upon the Beau to make the only possible reparation for a singularly brutal seduction. And lo, Beau Hyde forgot his cravat, and turned into Beau Jekyll without a struggle, shed tears of repentance, made solemn vows of amendment, and kept them!

Having adjusted our disconcerted ideas to this wholly unexpected development, we see that *Beau Austin*, so far from concerning itself with the trivialities of the most trivial phase of our social history, is a play of strong emotion. The Beau is quite misunderstood by his friends. They may say that he is designed to "embellish and correct the manners" of the rising generation; they may scoff at the suggestion that his attentions can be supposed "to lead to matrimony." They are all wrong. Though he has never given Dorothy Musgrave a single thought for six months from the day when he bribed her maid to stay at home in order that he might lead Dorothy to disgrace, he becomes immediately alive to his fault when it is placed before him in admirable phrases. We are delighted to find that a Georgian dandy was so amenable to rebuke, and capable of a really genuine resolution to do all the justice that lay in his power. But we venture to suggest that it is the business of a dramatist to prepare us for such an outbreak of sincerity. Well may Dorothy Musgrave reject the Beau's offer of marriage with scorn. She does not believe in it, and nobody can blame her. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley may have trusted to the actor to convey what they have in no way suggested or expressed—the capacity of their hero for a very abrupt and quite enduring regeneration. But this throws too great a burden on Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Excellent as this capable artist is in the Beau's dressing-room, in his familiarity with his valet, in his polished coolness to young Anthony Musgrave (unfortunately much younger than the actor who represents him), Mr. Tree has a most trying task, which it is no discredit to him to say he does not wholly accomplish, in the avowal of his disinterested affection to the girl he has deserted. The natural difficulties of the position are enormously increased by the necessity of maintaining, at the height of his passion, the true "dandiacal" manner. Through a great part of the interview he holds his beaver hat in the way prescribed by etiquette. He must not, in the glow of his ardour, throw off that exquisite manner which is the delight and pride of Tunbridge Wells. The lover in Sheridan's plays wears a costume we do not know, but he is not overpowered by a code of artificial deportment. Bassanio may be as Shakespearean as you please, without conforming to a standard of grace which is dead and gone. But Beau Austin must represent a traditional bearing which is without a counterpart before or since. He may try with all his might to persuade a woman that he loves her, but he must never forget his beaver hat.

In such conditions it would have been well-nigh miraculous if Mr. Tree had carried the whole theatre with him in so arduous an undertaking. His Beau Austin has yet to ripen. Perhaps it may

never be absolutely convincing, for it is scarcely conceivable that the sympathies of a modern audience should throb in unison with the sentiments of a converted rake of the Regency. But Mr. Tree has gone so far towards perfecting a most difficult portrait, that the further pains he is bound to bestow on it will possess no common interest. Unluckily the authors have interposed more than one kind of obstacle to success. A more futile expedient than that of dragging in "a Royal Duke" at the end of the piece, to give with ducal dumbness and a cocked hat a special intensity to Beau Austin's self-sacrifice, could not well be imagined. The Duke of York may be silent on the top of his column, but why should he not be allowed to rap out a royal oath when he sees Beau Austin insulted, and an idiomatic blessing when Dorothy embraces her hero? All the acting in the world could not save this incident from a touch of bathos. Mr. Tree is again in a trying situation. He has to persuade us that it was sublime to accept a blow with meekness, and above all to own that he, the all-conquering Beau, had been rejected by a mere slip of a girl. That demands a very rare art; but what can art do in the presence of "a Royal Duke" who is nothing but a uniform and feathers?

Despite its faults, *Beau Austin* has qualities which claim warm recognition. Its literary charm is great, and in the first act, at all events, there is true dramatic force. Dorothy's confession of her fall to the man who had idolised her for all that was pure, is a piece of writing which, for truth and power, has no parallel in our modern English drama. Manifestly, the purpose with which Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley wrote this play was to show real tragedy in the most artificial society of our century. They have so far succeeded that we wish they would deal in the same spirit with some subject which comes nearer to our own conventions, while touching the permanent springs of tragic interest. That is a work to which no living dramatist (except Mr. Pinero in *The Profligate*) seems either able or willing to set his hand. Mr. Stevenson and his brilliant associate have the opportunity and the authority to do the stage a lasting service.

THE WEEK.

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE discourages the idea of an English Academy of Letters. The French Academy exists for the purpose of conserving the French language. But English Academicians, even if they were a hundred strong, would be unable to resist the assaults of female novelists, or MR. BURNAND, on our mother tongue. M. COPPÉE recalls with pride the successful stand he made against the word *pschutt*. No self-respecting Frenchman writes the word now. The Academy triumphed gloriously over those who would have corrupted the French language with such an expression. But fancy an English Academy trying to expel "reliable" from the vocabulary of people who ought to know better! M. COPPÉE thinks that the Queen might set up an Academy if she were so disposed. He has evidently never studied the document which goes by the name of the Queen's Speech.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS says some sensible things in the *New Review* about "the whole duty of critics." He is good enough to draw up a code of maxims, all of which are irreproachable and elementary. One or two of them will touch most reviewers rather nearly. Of English critics in general, MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS seems to have a low opinion. He says the reviews of fiction in our most esteemed contemporaries show that the writers are "sadly lacking in literary perception and literary perspective." But what is the state of MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS? How stands the perception of the critic who tells us that the novel of England is inferior in art to the novel of America? And where was the perspective of the writer MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS may have heard of, who suggested some years ago that English books in America were injurious to true democratic virtue?

THERE is really no end to these quarterlies. The latest comes from Chicago, of all places. People who have flippantly connected Chicago with nothing more intellectual than reports of the pork market will blush to learn that to that city the world owes *The Monist*. The title is a trifle obscure. It signifies the great problem which is "a unitary conception of the world, free from contradictions, and based upon the facts of life." That is pretty tough, as problems go, and it is quite needless to add that writers in the *Monist* do not encourage "mere diversion, and useless play for mental enjoyment." The most actual article in the first number deals with marital relations, and argues that women ought not to expect in men the ethical standard demanded by the marriage contract from wives. PROFESSOR E. D. COPE will hear more of this.

The Strand Magazine is the not too felicitous title chosen by MR. NEWNES for the illustrated monthly which he is on the point of bringing out. The scheme of the venture is lavish, and there is much in it that promises well. *The Strand* is to "give for sixpence half as many pictures again as *Harper's* for a shilling, and of equal merit." So at least says MR. NEWNES, and there is to be a "coloured picture" besides, which, in the proprietor's opinion, would "alone be cheap at 1s." *The Strand* will contain 112 pages, and no page will be without "a first-class illustration." There will be fiction galore; six complete short stories in the first number "by the most noted writers in the world," including "a very exciting Railway Story by GRANT ALLEN," with "over *eighty* illustrations." A "portrait gallery" is promised on a new and interesting plan, "each page of portraits showing celebrities at various stages of life, from early youth to the present time." MR. NEWNES has received portraits for his gallery from LORD TENNYSON, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, MR. IRVING, MISS TERRY, MR. RIDER HAGGARD, MR. SPURGEON, "and many others." In the first or second number will be an article entitled "London from Aloft," illustrated by engravings from photographs "taken from the carriage of a balloon;" and a series of letters from artists (SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, MR. WATTS, MR. BOUGHTON, etc.), with their own illustrations, "giving their opinion of the present style of ladies' dress from an artistic point of view, and describing their own ideal of a beautiful dress." More than this might be told, but we forbear.

A STATEMENT in MR. FROUDE'S Biography of Lord Beaconsfield seems to need confirmation, of which we do not affirm that it is incapable. He says that "Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" were written at the same time as "Popanilla," which appeared in 1828. They certainly were not published until 1832—34, when they appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and we should have thought them more mature compositions. There seems to us plain internal evidence of "The Infernal Marriage" at least having been written after the dethronement of CHARLES X. MR. FROUDE may, nevertheless, have good evidence of his assertion; but if his habitual brilliancy has nowise deserted him in his last work, neither has his habitual inaccuracy. He makes CARLYLE catch the infection of Radicalism "in the Dumfriesshire *Highlands*."

ANOTHER peculiarity of MR. FROUDE is evidenced by this book—his obstinate adherence to the

information put, so to speak, under his nose, and his disdain of all collateral research. Like the monk in "The Misfortunes of Elphin," he confines himself to "a single and simple draught of whatever is before him." If he had sipped at the *Athenæum* of May 6th, 1882, he would have discovered that DISRAELI'S Dutch speculation of 1836 was by no means his *initiation* into "the mysteries of finance."

MR. FROUDE may well be excused for omitting to notice another remarkable document referring to his hero, for the reference would not be clear to him. SOUTHEY, writing to CAROLINE BOWLES in May, 1835, says (p. 323 of PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S edition of the correspondence), "—— has once been disordered in his intellect; how it manifested itself I never heard, but the father was said to have removed from London in order to withdraw him for a time from scenes of excitement." The blank is to be filled up with the name of BENJAMIN DISRAELI. It may well be questioned whether the rumour was an exaggeration of the giddiness mentioned by MR. FROUDE, or whether the giddiness was an euphemism for the malady. It is at all events certain that if DISRAELI ever did suffer from mental disturbance, no man ever made a more thorough recovery.

A TRIFLING error into which LORD BEACONSFIELD fell may be here mentioned—not as of the least account in itself, but as an admonition to small critics. There is nothing in which "the men who have failed" more delight than in twitting any unfortunate writer who may have failed to distinguish accurately between Frankenstein and his monster. But no less wide-awake a person than DISRAELI fell into MRS. SHELLEY'S trap. Writing to MRS. BRYDGES WILLYAMS, he says:—"The Polish question is a diplomatic Frankenstein, created out of cadaverous remnants by the mystic blundering of LORD RUSSELL."

DISRAELI himself has been the victim of a blunder as absurd as compositor ever made, or editor passed. In one of his letters to his sister he describes a visit to the library of MACCULLOCH, famous for the elegance of his bindings, adding, according to the printer, "He is a *bear* with his books." Of course he wrote *beau*.

Sunlight and Shadow, MR. CARTON'S new play at the Avenue, is not a great work, but it has the elements of a legitimate popularity. The story, perhaps, does not count for much. We have seen the resurrection of melodramatic wives, supposed to be dead, too often to regard their appearance at inopportune moments with breathless interest. But the real quality of MR. CARTON'S work lies in different material. He gives us a very pleasing picture of English domestic life—not merely sentimental, but sufficiently actual, and brightened by a humorous observation which is distinctly fresh. Nothing more admirably truthful than MISS MARION TERRY'S impersonation of the girl who is a kind of household fairy, is to be seen on our stage, and MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER plays the crippled choirmaster with much delicacy. The realism of the piece was pleasantly illustrated by an amusing incident on the first night. MR. ALEXANDER gently lectures MISS MAUD MILLETT, the spoilt sister, on her inconsiderateness. Some paterfamilias in the pit exclaimed "Hear, hear!" with an intensity of conviction which was in itself a tribute to the play.

THE chorus of praise that is going up over MR. D'OYLEY CARTE'S new theatre (now on the point of completion) seems to show, amongst other things, that the Press is becoming conscious of the æsthetic defects of London, considered from the standpoint of the architect. This is good. Before MR. WATERHOUSE'S "Council of Taste" can be established, the Press must educate the public up to the notion of an architectural London, and it cannot well do that until it has fairly grasped the notion for itself. Artist-architects like MR. WATERHOUSE cherish dreams of a beautiful London. Their dreams are not destined to be realised in our time, but they are getting just a little nearer to the possible. For example, MR. COLLCUTT has enriched the metropolis with one of the handsomest (if not the handsomest) theatres in Europe.

BUT we are not to boast extravagantly. An age like ours should be capable of producing an architectural style of its own. The new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue is a very beautiful building, but it is not original. This is no special reproach to MR. COLLCUTT, for a famous architect, dead some years, asserted in print that no original building had been erected in Europe since the Reformation. St. Paul's is not an original building, nor are the Houses of Parliament original buildings. As an example of modern Renaissance (which has now clearly superseded the Gothic in England), the new theatre leaves almost nothing to be desired, but the Renaissance style is not a style of our own invention (it is not, strictly speaking, a style at all); and MR. COLLCUTT has exhibited so fine and ingenious a skill in adaptation here—there is not a trace of mere copying in his design—that we fancy he would have done himself still greater justice had he trusted entirely to his own artistic wit. He began with the Gothic, we believe; he has gone on to the Renaissance; he may yet be the author of a new style.

To return for a moment to the question of the beautifying of London. No adequate scheme to this end is likely to be undertaken during the present century. The first and the last objection to it is that, unless superfluous wealth will allow itself to be taxed for the purpose, the necessary means are not to be found. Before attempting to beautify London as a whole, we have to pull down rotten London, and sweep out dirty London. This will cost us a good deal. Bethnal Green alone needs a fortune. But there is this to remember on the other side: we shall go on building, and we may just as well build with as much regard for the æsthetic as is compatible with the requirements of utility. That is to say, there is room even now for MR. WATERHOUSE'S Council of Taste.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, Oxford, is to be congratulated on electing LORD ACTON to an Honorary Fellowship. It is a graceful compliment to one of the most learned men in Europe. The University had already conferred its D.C.L. on him, *honoris causâ*; but the Colleges, though the practice of giving honorary fellowships is not exactly a novelty, are only just beginning to realise how much these compliments are valued, and what honour they may reflect on the body that confers them. They are, in fact, the crown of college hospitality, at once less costly and more highly prized than the hospitality of the past.

WHAT a pity it is that LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is entirely without any literary occupation to beguile his leisure! He is out of political life; he cannot be always at Newmarket; and time must hang very heavily on his hands. Years ago he went to see a performance of *Hamlet* in Dublin.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Having not the least idea of what was going to happen, he grew very excited, and went behind the scenes after every act to collect information. When it was all over, he borrowed a copy of Shakespeare's works, and read them from beginning to end with the liveliest interest. This ought to have implanted the germ of a literary taste in his mind; but his enthusiasm passed off, and now he cannot relieve the tedium of waiting for the Premiership even with a book of anecdotes.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN'S reply to MR. DE WINDT is pretty conclusive. MR. DE WINDT suggested that MR. KENNAN had invented the horrors of the Tomsk prison. This was rather strong criticism of a man who spent years in Siberia, who went there with prepossessions in favour of the Russian Government, and on whose good faith no one has hitherto dreamt of throwing a doubt. But MR. DE WINDT visited Tomsk, and found no prison such as MR. KENNAN had described; therefore it did not exist. It now appears that MR. DE WINDT saw a prison which the Tomsk officials always show to confiding strangers, and was quite unconscious of the fact that at that very moment the condition of the real exile prison was a public scandal in the Russian newspapers. A journal in Tomsk itself was actually predicting that the diseases due to the overcrowding of this prison would spread through the city. As MR. DE WINDT is about to publish a book, he had better revise his narrative with the aid of a few genuine authorities.

WE praise originality as sportsmen laud the woodcock. It is the rarest of game. A specimen has just been fined forty shillings and costs in our midst. MR. HARRY ARCHER, of Manchester, was summoned, on Tuesday, on three charges of trespassing in pursuit of game at Lytham, where he had been staying. His mode of trespass was this—he hired a cab, and shot at the game out of the vehicle. MR. ARCHER is described as a "sporting character," and unlike most people who go by that name, he seems entitled to both adjective and substantive. He killed one hare.

A FINELY flavoured chapter of romance has closed finely this week. "CAPTAIN JOHANN ORTH" is dead. Twelve months ago he was the Archduke Johann Salvador, of the house of Hapsburg, Lieutenant-Field-Marshal of the Austrian Army. He quarrelled with the military authorities, renounced his royal prerogative, took the surname of "Orth" (from his seat at Gmunden), and turned captain of a common merchantman. Last spring he sailed his vessel, the *Margaretha*, into Monte Video, with a cargo of saltpetre, and having discharged there, sailed away into the mists. He was bound for Valparaiso; but from Valparaiso came no report of Waring. Now there sails a vessel into Monte Video with news that she has passed, on her way, three wrecks, one of them the *Margaretha*. So CAPTAIN ORTH has gone to the bottom in the cyclone that swept around Cape Horn last August. But for a year he had lived. There is a deal of W. D. HOWELLS in the world, but there seems to be a residuum of something else.

LAST Sunday was observed in Paris as the *Jour des Morts*, and some solicitous person seems to have gone round to various men of note in that capital, agreeably inquiring how they would like their bodies disposed of after death. M. SARDOU says "*Brûlé, brûlé!*" M. ZOLA would not presume to dictate, but leaves the matter to those who love him. If M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY should die in Paris, he would like to be cremated; if at Nanterre, he prefers burial. Should his fate be to expire somewhere between Paris and Nanterre, the difference, we presume, would then have to be split somehow. M. ARNAUD SILVESTRE says poetically that when the question is put whether he should become a puff of smoke in the air, or a flower in the grass, he must declare for the flower. And M. DAUDET, when invited to choose between burial and cremation, deplores the necessity for either. M. BLOWITZ does not seem to have been asked. It is assumed that *he* will be embalmed.

THE troubadour who ran counter to the law of nuisances in a town in the Midlands last week, and who was taken home by the police, committed the cardinal error of supposing that what is proper in love in one country must be proper in another country. He serenaded his lady with a bass viol in a common thoroughfare, at an hour when most of the householders wanted to sleep. The policeman came and took him up. Had he been a literary youth, he might have escaped this misadventure. STEELE wrote, two hundred years ago, that "a man might as well serenade in Greenland as in our region." Nottingham tried the serenade in STEELE'S day, but it did not answer. Some young men hired the waits to help them through their courtship ("with violins and bass viols, between the hours of 12 and 4 in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of Her Majesty's peaceable subjects"), but they none of them got married; and the sole result was a proclamation to the effect that "this custom is by no means to be indulged in this country and climate."

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

(FROM OUR SERVIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

AS a crisis in the Balkans is, under existing circumstances, synonymous with a crisis in Europe, I need not apologise for drawing attention to some of the signs which show that a great political disturbance is rapidly approaching.

The diplomatic conflict between Russia and the Triple Alliance has been more fiercely waged than has been apparent to the general public. But everyone knows that the chief aim of both the Triple Alliance and Russia, in these ceaseless conflicts of diplomacy, was to secure a friendly neutrality, if not an active assistance, from the Balkan States in the event of the expected collision of the Great Powers.

Five years ago the Triple Alliance had decidedly the advantage. Roumania was governed by M. Bratiano, who did not disguise his conviction that the place of Roumania, in the case of war, was on the side of the Triple Alliance. Alexander of Battenberg was Prince of Bulgaria, and he sought systematically to imbue Bulgarian officers and Bulgarian politicians with the feeling that Bulgaria ought to be an independent country and not a Russian province. Milan Obrenovich was King of Servia, and the Russians hated him because he refused to accept a position like that of the Prince of Montenegro, and would not let the Servians fight for the realisation of the great Slavonic Empire, which would inevitably destroy their own independence and nationality. Greece was governed by the Cabinet of M. Tricoupis, known for his "English" political opinions—*i.e.*, for his objection to submit to the dictates, more or less diplomatically concealed, from St. Petersburg.

Russian diplomacy has often been much abused—in Russia for its want of success, out of Russia for its somewhat strange and "non-European" methods. But, after all, it was Russian diplomacy that removed M. Bratiano from power in Roumania, and which upset the anti-Russian "Progressists" in Servia. And it is Russian diplomacy—in a very great measure at least—which has now, so suddenly, overturned the Tricoupis Cabinet. The kidnapping of Prince Alexander cannot, perhaps, be

esteemed as a triumph of Russian diplomacy—the honour of that glorious achievement belongs, in the first place, to other centres of Russian political action.

It is certain that during the last two years the chances of Russia have considerably increased in the Balkans, and, in proportion, the chances of the Triple Alliance have decreased. But Russia has still enough to do before she can be sure of final success; and the key of the whole position is still, politically and strategetically, Bulgaria.

Complete ascendency in this country is an absolute necessity to Russia, not merely for the future development of the great Slavonic idea, but for the present and immediate object of preventing Turkey and Roumania joining the Triple Alliance. And Russian generals are sure of Bulgaria once they obtain direct, or indirect, power in Sofia.

The expected arrival of M. Zankoff from St. Petersburg, in Belgrade is generally understood to mean some speedy *coup* of some kind in Bulgaria. With M. Zankoff, the chairman of the Russian Danubian Steamship Company, Prince Gagarin, is expected in Belgrade, and Prince Gagarin is well known for his panslavistic tendencies. The Bulgarian emigrants in Servia speak openly of the great changes shortly to be made in Bulgaria. The brilliant and impressive opening of the great Sobranye by Prince Ferdinand does not in the least increase his personal security. And from Sofia I hear of a general feeling that grave and great changes are imminent.

Prince Ferdinand's very virtues are against him in the eyes of Russia, and the success of his government only the more urgently proves the necessity of his overthrow—by one or other means—speedily.

Whilst preparations are evidently being made for some serious action in Bulgaria, affairs in Roumania point to a speedy crisis there. It is believed that the resignation of the Cabinet Manu-Lahovary will precede the meeting of the Roumanian Parliament on the 21st of November, and that M. Carp will be entrusted with the formation of the new Cabinet. General Manu and his colleagues are said to be unwilling to support King Carol's desire for the formal accession of Roumania to the Triple Alliance, and, rather than do so, they will resign.

M. Carp has had, recently, repeated and protracted conferences with the King and, it is said, he feels certain he can obtain the support of the Parliament for such policy.

But there is no doubt about the Conservatives, under M. Catargi and other old friends of Russia, being fully alive to the exigencies of the moment, and they are concentrating all their forces, and exerting all their energies, to defeat the King's purpose. Should they succeed in gaining a majority in Parliament, all hope of Roumania joining the Triple Alliance will be at an end, and even the position of the King himself may be somewhat shaken. Towards the end of November a great, and perhaps decisive, struggle betwixt Russia and the Triple Alliance will be fought in Roumania. Should Russia succeed—which is not improbable—the victory in Roumania will only be the precursor of definite success in Bulgaria. The recent success of Russia in Greece may induce the Central Powers to make *a supreme effort to settle the Balkan question without war*, and so by diplomatic means ensure the peace of Europe for fifteen or twenty years. If diplomacy fails, possibly they will decide that the sooner the explosion comes the better, seeing that it is impossible to avoid it. In this case, delay only increases danger, for Russia is an adept in the art of dividing in order to rule. A Triple Alliance, however firm, is in triple danger of being broken, but one is always —*one*—and *indivisible*.

In the political circles of Sofia and Belgrade it is believed that the Central Powers and England have come to some definite conclusions, and that the latter will shortly propose a plan, which has already the sanction of the former, for the amicable settlement of the Bulgarian question. An additional protocol to the Berlin Treaty is to confirm the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria, to raise the new State to the dignity of an independent kingdom, to give some compensation in money to the Porte, and to place on the royal throne a candidate agreeable to the Czar.

It is believed—perhaps it would be more exact to say it is *hoped*—in certain circles that Prince Ferdinand will prove his devotion to Bulgaria by withdrawing voluntarily from his present position. Even the wintering of the British Mediterranean Squadron in the Bay of Salonica is supposed to be in some way connected with an intended diplomatic action of Lord Salisbury in the interests of peace! If Russia accepts the proposition of the Central Powers, good! if not, they, with England, will acknowledge Ferdinand "King of the United Bulgarias," and Russia may declare war, if she pleases, afterwards.

Unfortunately, these hopes—however pleasant to entertain—do not seem very likely to be fulfilled. Russia looks beyond Bulgaria to Bosnia and Herzegovina. At least, in Belgrade, as well as in Cetinye, the leading politicians believe firmly that Russia has entered into too many engagements with the Prince of Montenegro and the Radical Government of Servia to be able to limit herself to a simple settlement of the Bulgarian question.

E. L. M.

THE PARADISE OF CHOICE.

IT was not as in certain toy houses that foretell the weather by means of a man-doll and a woman-doll—the man going in as the woman comes out, and *vice versâ*. In this case both man and woman stepped out, the man half a minute behind; so that the woman was almost at the street-corner while he hesitated just outside the door, blinking up at the sky, and then dropping his gaze along the pavement.

The sky was flattened by a fog that shut down on the roofs and chimneys like a tent-cloth, white and opaque. Now and then a yellowish wave rolled across it from eastward, and the cloth would be shaken. When this happened, the street was always filled with gloom, and the receding figure of the woman lost in it for a while.

The man thrust a hand into his trousers pocket, pulled out a penny, and after considering for a couple of seconds, spun it carelessly. It fell in his palm, tail up; and he regarded it as a sailor might a compass. The trident in Britannia's hand pointed westward, down the street.

"West it is," he decided with a shrug, implying that all the four quarters were equally to his mind. He was pocketing the coin, when footsteps approached, and he lifted his head. It was the woman returning. She halted close to him with an undecided manner, and the pair eyed each other.

We may know them as Adam and Eve, for both were beginning a world that contained neither friends nor kin. Both had very white hands and very short hair. The man was tall and meagre, with a receding forehead and a sandy complexion that should have been freckled, but was not. He had a trick of half-closing his eyes when he looked at anything, not screwing them up as seamen do, but appearing rather to drop a film over them like the inner eyelid of a bird. The woman's eyes resembled a hare's, being brown and big, and set far back, so that she seemed at times to be looking right behind her. She wore a faded look, from her dust-coloured hair to her boots, which wanted blacking.

"It all seems so wide," she began; "so wide—"

"I'm going west," said the man, and started at a slow walk. Eve followed, a pace behind his heels, treading almost in his tracks. He went on, taking no notice of her.

"How long were you in there?" she asked, after a while.

"Ten year'." Adam spoke without looking back. "Cumulated jobs, you know."

"I was only two. Blankets it was with me. They recommended me to mercy."

"You got it," Adam commented, with his eyes fastened ahead.

The fog followed them as they turned into a street full of traffic. Its frayed edge rose and sank, was parted and joined again—now descending to the first-storey windows and blotting out the cabmen and passengers on omnibus tops, now rolling up and over the parapets of the houses and the sky-signs. It was noticeable that in the crowd that hustled along the pavement Adam moved like a puppy not yet way-wise, but with lifted face. Eve followed with her head bent, seeing nothing but his heels. She observed that each heel was worn down on the outside.

Three or four times, as they went along, Adam would eye a shop window and turn in at the door, while Eve waited. He returned from different excursions with a twopenny loaf, a red sausage, a pipe, box of lights and screw of tobacco, and a noggin or so of gin in an old soda-water bottle. Once they turned aside into a public, and had a drink of gin together. Adam paid.

Thus for two hours they plodded westward, and the fog and crowd were with them all the way—strangers jostling them by the shoulder on the greasy pavement, hansoms splashing the brown mud over them—the same din and hurry for miles. Many shops were lighting up, and from these a yellow flare streamed into the fog; or a white when it came from the electric light; or separate beams of orange, green, and violet, when the shop was a druggist's.

Then they came to the railings of Hyde Park, and trudged down the hill alongside them to Kensington Gardens. It was yet early in the afternoon. Adam pulled up.

"Come and look," he said. "It's autumn in there," and he went in at the Victoria gate, with Eve at his heels.

"Mister, how old might you be?" she asked, encouraged by the sound of his voice.

"Thirty."

"And you've passed ten years in—in there." She jerked her head back and shivered a little.

He had stooped to pick up a leaf. It was a yellow leaf from a chestnut that reached into the fog above them. He picked it slowly to pieces, drawing full draughts of air into his lungs. "Fifteen," he jerked out, "one time and another. 'Cumulated, you know." Pausing, he added, in a matter-of-fact voice, "What I took came to less 'n a pound's worth, altogether."

The Gardens were deserted, and the pair roamed towards the centre, gazing curiously at so much of sodden vegetation as the fog allowed them to see. Their eyes were not jaded; to them a blade of grass was not a little thing.

They were down on the south side, amid the heterogeneous plants there collected, examining each leaf, spelling the Latin labels and comparing them, when the hour came for closing. In the dense atmosphere the park-keeper missed them. The gates were shut; and the fog settled down thicker with the darkness.

Then the man and the woman were aware, and grew afraid. They saw only a limitless plain of grey about them, and heard a murmur as of the sea rolling around it.

"This gaol is too big," whispered Eve, and they took hands. The man trembled. Together they moved into the fog, seeking an outlet.

At the end of an hour or so they stumbled on a seat, and sat down for awhile to share the bread and sausage, and drink the gin. Eve was tired out and would have slept, but the man shook her by the shoulder.

"For God's sake don't leave me to face this alone. Can you sing?"

She began "When other lips" in a whisper which gradually developed into a reedy soprano. She had forgotten half the words, but Adam lit a pipe and listened appreciatively.

"Tell you what," he said at the close; "you'll be able to pick up a little on the road with your singing. We'll tramp west to-morrow, and pass ourselves off for man and wife. Likely we'll get some farm work, down in the country. Let's get out of this."

They joined hands and started off again, unable to see a foot before them in the blackness. So it happened next morning that the park-keeper, coming at his usual hour to unlock the gates, found a man and a woman inside with their white faces pressed against the railings, through which they glared like caged beasts. He set them free, and they ran out, for his paradise was too big.

Now, facing west, they tramped for two days on the Bath road, leaving the fog behind them, and drew near Reading. It was a clear night as they approached it, and the sky studded with stars that twinkled frostily. Eleven o'clock sounded from a tower ahead. On the outskirts of the town they were passing an ugly modern villa with a large garden before it, when an old gentleman came briskly up the road and turned in at the gate.

Adam swung round on his heel and followed him up the path, begging. Eve hung by the gate.

"No," said the old gentleman, fitting his latch-key into the door, "I have no work to offer. Eh?—Is that your wife by the gate? Hungry?"

Adam whispered a lie in his ear.

"Poor woman, and to be out on the road, in such a state, at this hour! Well, you shall share my supper before you search for a lodging. Come inside," he called out to Eve, "and be careful of the step. It's a high one."

He led them in, past the ground-floor rooms and up a flight of stairs. After pausing on the landing and waiting a long time for Eve to take breath, he began to ascend another flight.

"Are we going to have supper on the leads?" Adam wondered.

They followed the old gentleman up to the attics and into a kind of tower, where was a small room with two tables spread, the one with a supper, the other with papers, charts, and mathematical instruments.

"Here," said their guide, "is bread, a cold chicken, and a bottle of whiskey. I beg you to excuse me while you eat. The fact is, I dabble in astronomy. My telescope is on the roof above, and to-night every moment is precious."

There was a ladder fixed in the room, leading to a trap-door in the ceiling. Up this ladder the old gentleman trotted, and in half a minute had disappeared, shutting the trap behind him.

It was half an hour or more before Adam climbed after him, with Eve, as usual, at his heels.

"My dear madam!" cried the astronomer, "and in your state!"

"I told you a lie," Adam said. "I've come to beg your pardon. May we look at the stars before we go?"

In two minutes the old gentleman was pointing out the constellations—the Great Bear hanging low in the north-east, pointing to the Pole star, and across it to Cassiopeia's bright zig-zag, high in the heavens; the barren square of Pegasus, with its long tail stretching to the Milky Way, and the points that cluster round Perseus; Arcturus, white Vega and yellow Capella; the Twins, and beyond them the Little Dog twinkling through a coppice of naked trees to eastward; yet further round the Pleiads climbing, with red Aldebaran after them; below them Orion's belt, and last of all, Sirius flashing like a diamond, white and red, and resting on the horizon where the dark pasture-lands met the sky.

Then, growing flushed with his subject, he began to descant on these stars, their distances and

velocities; how that each was a sun, careering in measureless space, each trailing a company of worlds that spun and hurtled round it; that the Dog-star's light shone into their eyes across a hundred trillion miles; that the star itself swept along a thousand miles in a minute. He hurled figures at them, heaping millions on millions. "See here"—and, turning the telescope on its pivot, he sighted it carefully. "Look at that small star in the Great Bear: that's Groombridge Eighteen-thirty. *He's* two hundred billions of miles away. *He* travels two hundred miles a second, does Groombridge Eighteen-thirty. In one minute Groombridge Eighteen-thirty could go from here to Hong-Kong."

"Then curse Groombridge Eighteen-thirty!"

It was uttered in the bated tone that night enforces: but it came with a groan. The old gentleman faced round in amazement.

"He means, sir," explained the woman, who had grown to understand Adam passing well, "my man means that it's all too big for us. We've strayed out of prison, sir, and shall feel safer back again, looking at all this behind bars."

She reached out a hand to Adam: and this time it was he that followed, as one blinded and afraid. In three months they were back again at the gates of the paradise they had wandered from. There stood a warder before it, clad in blue: but he carried no flaming sword, and the door opened and let them in.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MINERS' EIGHT HOURS BILL.

SIR,—Mr. Sidney Webb in your columns raises several important questions of principle and fact, which ought not to pass without discussion. It may for instance be perfectly true, as he alleges, that, speaking generally, "eight hours below ground is universally felt to be long enough," but this would by no means dispose of the matter in hand. What ought to be made perfectly clear is that in the attempt to remedy one supposed existing evil, we are not creating others greater still. And this is not even discussed unless the proposers of the new law push their inquiries much further than the pit's mouth, and tell us what will happen to all concerned if they get their way.

Whether "coal-mining will still be profitable" under such a law depends greatly on what is thus meant, as also on the turn events may afterwards take. Coals must somehow or other be won, and those who can afford to do so will continue to pay the cost. Some collieries, therefore, would survive even more drastic measures than an Eight Hours Law. But to others less favourably situated much injury and wrong might nevertheless be done. Taken as a whole, the alternative to be faced is whether the present miners, working of course shorter hours, would produce less coal; or whether increased shifts of new men would maintain the present output, and so glut the mines with the additional labour supply. If the former, the chief sufferers would be the public; if the latter, the miners themselves.

In truth, everybody would suffer from a diminished output of coal. Miners, to begin with, doing less work, would get less pay. Coal-owners, paying fixed charges on a smaller output, would get a smaller return. The public, in a thousand ways, would suffer from getting less and often dearer coal. Wholesale restriction of this kind practically created by Act of Parliament would, in fact, inevitably break down, and a remedy be speedily found. That remedy would be new shifts of men, with what consequences may readily be foreseen.

More men than before being required to do a given quantity of work would, in this instance also, mean increased cost, even though every individual worker received less wage. So also would the additional capital outlay called for in the erection of new houses to accommodate the fresh hands, with the usual prospect in such cases that the erections—being in pit villages—would become simply derelict when the coal was all done. So also, again, would the loss of time and waste of motive power involved in the process of changing men. All this would mean loss—shared it may be by everybody, but falling most heavily on the public, both rich and poor, who in their coal bills would assuredly have to pay.

And for the miners themselves, the glut of new labour in the mines would ultimately also mean heavy disaster and loss. They know well the recent long years of depression, why they continued so long, and what was all the while endured. There were too many men even then, and trade only revived when the labour supply was again on a level with the demand. Why accelerate the return of those evil days? Even though nobody at present suffered from the law while trade continues good, the law itself will be for all times, both bad and good, and miners beyond all others will therefore do well to look much at it before they leap. London dockers closing their ranks, as we are told, against the admission of new members are, at least, for themselves, facing the problem of redundant competing labour. The sharply contrasted policy of reducing miners' hours for the very purpose, amongst others, that more men may be forced into the mines, is one that may well make our colliers pray to be delivered from their friends.

Mr. Webb apparently believes that the coal trade is a remarkably appropriate field for these hazardous experiments. "Regulation in even detail," he declares, "is necessary" to the miner's existence. Not quite, one might reply; there are some trifling details such as wages, which even Fabian philosophers have not yet proposed to touch. But details like these are the very crux of the situation. Why fret and fume about the working hours and yet leave untouched the wherewithal to live? Why leave the miner to starve on five days doing nothing and protect him from over-exertion on the sixth? Why prohibit his employer from giving nine hours' employment one day and yet allow him to close his pit altogether the next?

One wonders, in truth, whether political theorists on these subjects have ever taken any trouble whatever to master the practical working of the trade with which they propose to deal. It often happens, for example, that for days together collieries are laid completely idle. A fog at sea, a snowstorm on land, impedes either shipping or railways; or trade is bad, and there is no work to be done. Best coals in Northumberland cannot be stacked, because if that were done they spoil, and Royal Commissions have declared, for the safety of life at sea, in favour of fresh-wrought coal. Mr. Sidney Webb calling in the police to restrain honest and industrious men from exceeding an eight hours' working day after they have thus had several whole days of enforced idleness at home is, it is possible, "realising" the blissful "collective freedom" of his singular ideal; but he seems scarcely in so doing an exponent of ordinary English common sense.

Mr. Webb's contention that "Northumberland and Durham will need no coercing," and that "they would simply remain unaffected by the new law," is founded upon a serious misconception of the facts of the case. Irrespective of the hewers, there are thousands of workers underground, including large numbers of grown men and young fellows verging on manhood, for the most part well able to take care of themselves, who would be directly subject to the compulsion of the Act. There are also thousands of men on the surface, whose daily toil is closely dependent upon the work in the pits, and who would also come—indirectly it may be, but very effectually—under its restrictive force. So that altogether it seems quite inaccurate to say that the proposed Bill "will not really coerce any appreciable number of workers in any mine whatever."

But why all this while so unceremoniously thrust aside the owners and managers of mines as so completely unworthy of consideration in the matter? For that, in plain terms, is the whole drift of Mr. Webb's ideas. To "coerce nobody but the mine-owners" is, with him, to coerce nobody at all. Nay, more; the "true inwardness" of his pleasant dream is to "have government by the people for the people," in apparently the naked and narrow-minded selfishness of laws expressly administered for the benefit of the industrial classes alone. The latter cannot, he complains, ever be free men, "if freedom means the power to fix one's own hours of work." As if in a free land, and in the making of a bargain, one could ever expect that the terms would be fixed by one party alone! And yet again, "the Miners' Unions have not yet obtained complete authority over the Marquis of Londonderry." As if it were good either for them or anybody else that they should! These, surely, are not the notions of freedom, "collective" or otherwise, that have hitherto prevailed in English minds and homes, and they are unhappily a fair specimen of the dominant ideas in Mr. Webb's argument for an Eight Hours Bill.

I must in the main leave to others the dissection of the rest of his political ideas. That English workmen are not less independent and self-reliant than of old is a fact that Northern Liberals at least do not need to be told, but other and far more potent causes have, as everybody knows, been at work to that end than Mines Regulation Acts, Factory Acts, and the rest. Education, industrial freedom, political power, and responsibilities, these have been the best social teachers of the masses, hitherto, and the great lesson to be enforced to-day is, as we have been lately well reminded, that of the wise and just use of all. That there is no alternative to a coercive act save that of a similarly coercive strike, and that the latter is within measurable distance even now, are beliefs which those who are best acquainted with the leaders of the industrial world will utterly decline to share. Our own experience in the North of England of boards of arbitration and conciliation, and the deepening desire on both sides in labour disputes to meet each other's views, are in flattest contradiction to Mr. Webb's most demoralising ideas. The Eight Hours system, if come it should, will best come by peaceable, gradual, and voluntary means, and not by an arbitrary law, applicable to all mines, at all times, and under all conditions of trade. Which of the two methods is the better in dealing with a trade that touches most closely the very life and well-being of the nation as a whole is a question that ought not to be so very hard to decide.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, JOHN HAVELOCK.

Newcastle, November 4th, 1890.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

SIR,—With reference to your article of November 1st, on the Land Purchase Bill, it may be pointed out that the only representative rural bodies in Ireland are the Boards of Guardians. Even these are not thoroughly representative, for the ex-officio element is strong in them, but then the ex-officio members usually pay a considerable proportion of the poor rate.

If the Purchase Act were made operative only in those unions where the guardians approved of its being put in force, and where they undertook to levy a limited rate in addition to the ordinary poor rate in repayment of any losses incurred, a much more real, substantial, and well-principled guarantee would be obtained than those which you describe as "gossamer threads."

If the guardians' approval of the Act had to be renewed every year, they could stop the purchase operations whenever they disapproved of the administration, or thought their finances in danger from the liability undertaken.

The danger of landlordism growing up again from subletting is not a very real one, for in an agricultural community, if land is saleable by retail—as it never has been in Ireland—instead of in large blocks, the buyers who want it for use will beat those who want it merely as an investment out of the market. The danger, however, should be met by—1. Nullification of any subtenancy created. 2. Making the sale of a holding, or any part on which the debt to the State was redeemed, easily and quickly effected. This can only be done by enacting simple and effectual registration of title clauses in the Purchase Act.

Letting of land, instead of sale, to those who wanted to use it has been the rule here because it was easy to let; difficult, sometimes impossible, to sell. This arrangement of the law should be reversed, as it is in some European countries, where it is held that large estates in land are a public evil, inimical to both liberty and equality. The example of neighbouring continental countries can't well be made use of further to show that under properly arranged conditions there is no tendency for landlordism to spring up, because of the law of division on death; but I believe there is no tendency towards the landlord and tenant system in America from the agglomeration of land by capitalists; the landlordism that has existed, or still exists, arose, as in Ireland, from that root of much evil, the grant of large estates to individuals; and such grants led to anti-rent agitations as prolonged and far more violent than the agitation in Ireland.

The proper application of the funds provided by Parliament and their non-application to some of the cases mentioned as abuses by Mr. Parnell in his *North American Review* article, should be obtained by clauses excluding not only classes of farms, but classes of persons.

The complaint so often made of large owners, particularly absentees, obtaining an undue proportion of the purchase fund is surely made under some misapprehension, or put forward as a misleading fallacy. It is suggested that in the case of absentees, the money paid to them is so much capital abstracted from Ireland. The tenants of an absentee, with a rental of £10,000, send that amount every year out of Ireland in the shape of produce off their farms, for which they get no return but a rent receipt. The sale of the estate at seventeen times the rent results in the tenant's remittance being reduced to £7,000 a-year, for which they get in return not only rent receipts but the fee simple of the forty-ninth part of their farms. Any economic difference is surely in favour of Ireland and the particular estate.—Your obedient servant, AN IRISHMAN.

November 3rd, 1890.

MODERN CRITICISM AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

SIR,—You are good enough to devote considerable space in THE SPEAKER of November 1st to a review of the "Bampton Lectures of 1890."

I have no wish to comment on my reviewer's statements or opinions. He is responsible for them; I am not. The review is at least quite as appreciative as an obvious *Tendenz-schrift* could be. I am probably no better qualified to form an impartial opinion of my reviewer's work than he is of mine. Nor do I wish to invite attention to the way in which large portions of the work which it does not suit the reviewer's purpose to notice are wholly passed over; or to such trifling inaccuracies as the quoting with inverted commas words which find no place in my book. All this is of the method of (some) reviewers, and must not be taken too seriously.

But when your reviewer makes me responsible for statements which I neither have made nor could have made, and when those statements affect others than myself, both you and he will, I am sure, be glad to afford space for their correction. I will claim as little of that space as possible.

1. "It is, he holds, that the Fourth Gospel was written by John, the son of Zebedee, and that therefore every report in it must be taken as a *verbatim* report, and all its narratives accepted as literal objective records of pure historic fact—in other words, it is genuine; and because genuine, authentic. This is the reviewer's statement. (*See* his first paragraph.) I invite him to justify it. Meanwhile I may refer to the following passages, which may be taken to support the opposite view. They by no means stand alone:—

"The man who believes in this mechanical, verbal inspiration of Holy Scriptures must admit that discoveries in science, and investigations of history, and the whole development of modern criticism, have made his position, to say the least, exceedingly difficult; but he must defend himself. We shall see that his theory is no part of the 'judgment of centuries'—no part of the Church's judgment at all" (pp. 136, 137).

". . . it will, I trust, be admitted that even in this most spiritual gospel, it is the matter—that is to say, the eternal reality, and not the form—that is to say, the temporal expression of the reality; the essence of the truth and not the accident of language, construction, word; the spirit which quickeneth, and not the letter which killeth; — that it is the matter, essence, spirit, not the form, accident, letter, which is inspired. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ; it is the Gospel according to St. John. The treasure is divine; the vessel is earthen. I am making no claim on behalf of this writing, or any other writing of the New Testament, that it is more than the earthen vessel in which the treasure of inspired truth is contained. The 'Word of God' is contained in, but is not identical with, the written or spoken word of even inspired men" (p. 418).

2. In the second paragraph I am made to treat Reuss, Holtzmann, Schürer, and Weizsäcker, as "*quantités négligeables*," and the question, "What is the reputation or the personality of these men?" is practically placed in my lips. The phrase "import rushlights from abroad" is taken from a wholly different connection, and from a lecture in which no one of these names has been mentioned, and is applied to them. I invite the person who thinks this honest criticism to quote any or all the remarks which I have made about these or any other German writers. He will find in the Index of my book full references, which will make his task easy.

Meanwhile, he and you will, I am sure, allow me to quote, as an example—it is a fair average example—of the way in which these writers are treated, the following words, which apply to the first whom he names:—

"Dr. Reuss, until recently professor at Strasburg, who writes now in French and now in German, but who since the annexation of Alsace has become a German citizen, has been for half a century prominently known as an independent member of the Liberal party of the Lutheran Church. His works which relate to the present subject are everywhere marked by great ability, and by a striking combination of reverence and freedom" (p. 253).

3. In the third paragraph, I am made to misrepresent—and the phrase "rushlights from abroad" is, without any justification, again misapplied — Luthardt, Beyschlag, and Weiss. "Simply confusing" is the reviewer's phrase with regard to Luthardt, and as this is the first-named writer, I will again take him as my example. Perhaps Dr. Luthardt himself is a fair judge as to how far I have misrepresented him, and I will therefore venture to quote words written by him which now lie before me:—

"Ich habe nur erst wenige Blicke in Ihr Werk werfen können; mich aber überzeugt von der grossen Sorgfalt und Gelehrsamkeit so wie von dem besonnenen Urtheil mit dem es gearbeitet ist. Für die freundlichen Zeilen welche Sie mir gewidmet haben, sage ich Ihnen speziellen Dank."

4. In the last paragraph I am spoken of as making "generous allusion" to Keim, "while regretfully placing him on the negative side." The effect of this, taken with what has preceded, is that I single out Keim for generous treatment and speak of other foreign writers ungenerously. I invite your reviewer to quote my regretful words about Keim, or to show that I have been

ungenerous to any foreign writer. "Most of them are foreigners" is his remark in the second paragraph. I have before me not a few passages in my book, and not a few sentences written by foreigners who are competent to judge, which seem to me to express the opposite opinion. If you wish I will quote them. But this letter is already too long. I may, however, again refer to the names of such writers in the Index, and to the general remarks in the Preface on p. xiii. H. W. WATKINS.

November 4th, 1890.

SAXON CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

DEAR SIR,—"Not one vestige of the superstructure of a Saxon church remains to us" is the dogmatic assertion of an amusing correspondent to THE SPEAKER (p. 492, Nov. 1st); and with this astoundingly ignorant statement will you suffer your name to be bracketed? "You ought to know as much about architecture as I do," says this audacious "Novelist." What about the Church of St. Lawrence at Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts; the Church of St. Aldhom's, near Swanage—two most perfect specimens of Saxon churches in England, both the work of the same hand, Ealdhelm of Malmesbury?

It will cost the "Novelist" one-tenth of his monthly charity-money to gain admission to the church at Bradford. He can "lighten his darkness" at St. Aldhom's Head, Swanage, by a pleasant word to the coastguardsman in charge; and he can utilise his "Treatise on Habakkuk" by turning to the second chapter of that prophet's book and reading the eleventh verse!—Yours faithfully, M. GUINNESS.

7, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W.
November 3rd.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, Nov. 7th, 1890.

"*CAUSONS*," people say in the French drama, when they are going to tell each other everything which both of them must know perfectly well already. "*Causons*," says the editor to the scribe, who, perhaps, has nothing in particular he wants to chat about, and who, at best, is likely to make remarks only too palpably obvious and familiar. For surely all that need be said on matters literary has been repeated till it is as pleasant fare as a *réchauffé* of yesterday's cabbage. We cannot prize it as Meleager did the yesterday's roses of Heliodora. And that piece of pedantry, fortunately, reminds me of Mr. Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology" (Longmans). Less luckily, I have not my own Tauchnitz copy of the Anthology here, or rather its worn remains, its dog's-eared remnants, with feeble sketches and a number of fly-hooks and abortive bits of rhymed translations in the fly-leaves. We cannot scribble in Mr. Mackail's lordlier volume in that familiar way, and one may repeat a grumble that its form is not among "the dear little dumpy twelves." The Anthology is a book dear to the student who "keeps up his Greek" a little, though he would be plucked in any examination. The good lyrics, the best examples, are not very hard to puzzle out, and one can skip the others. Mr. Mackail supplies a most valuable introduction, telling the long history of the book, and offering judicious (and not gushing) remarks on its merits and beauties. The Greeks, who seldom or never gushed, are too often praised in the effusive manner by their admirers. One or two hints from Mr. Mackail's essay are reflections often overlooked. We speak, for example, of Modern Love as if it were a new thing. The only novelty is, that we make so much of it, put it forth so prominently in drama and romance, as if it were true that "Love is enough"—which, of course, it is not. Homer, as Mr. Mackail remarks, does not dilate on the theme, "but, in the very culminating part of the death-struggle between Achilles and Hector, it is from the whispered talk of lovers that the poet fetches the utmost touch" (can we fetch a touch?) "of beauty and terror, and it is in speaking to the sweetest and noblest of all the women of poetry that Odysseus says the final word that has yet been said of married happiness." This is exactly true; the peculiarity of the Greeks was, not that they honoured love less, but that they honoured other human interests more. Apollonius, in his *Argonautica*, tells the best love-tale told yet; when we come to Meleager and the later poets we find them, I think, too "general courters."

It is with the love-poems that Mr. Mackail's selection opens. He translates into prose, for exactness, he who could render verse so well into verse. Occasionally the prose, I admit, does not satisfy one, and seems neither clear enough nor sweet enough, though there is no such fault to find with this from Strato:—"At evening, at the hour when we say Good-night, Moeris kissed me, I know not whether really or in a dream; for very clearly I now have the rest in mind, all she said, and all that she asked me of; but whether she kissed me too, I doubt and guess; for if it is true, how, after being set in heaven, do I go to and fro upon earth?"

By way of showing how verse translations deal treacherously, I have tried to rhyme the epigram. I cannot "get in" "At evening, at the hour when we say Good-night"—at full length. The question is, may we condense a little; is anything lost in "Moeris kissed me her Good-night"? Perhaps the rest of the rhymes keep the general sense. The problem whether such brief flights of verse do not lose as much in rapidity, from prose, as they lose in closeness of rendering, from verse, must be settled by every reader for himself:—

Moeris kissed me her "Good-night,"
Did I dream it? Did she kiss?
All the rest I know aright,
All she asked and said but *this*:
Did she really kiss me though?
That I doubt, the rest is plain;
Did I win the heavens, who go,
Mortal now, on earth again?

"It is such easy writing," as Captain Shandon said about newspaper controversy, that we may make another trial of verse and prose, in which the prose is conspicuously victorious:—

"A KISS WITHIN THE CUP."
(MELEAGER.)

"I am no winebibber, but if thou wilt make me drunk, taste thou first and bring it to me, and I take it. For if thou wilt touch it with thy lips, no longer is it easy to be sober, or to escape the sweet cup-bearer; for the cup ferries me over a kiss from thee, and tells me of the grace that it had."

Here follows the same in rhyme:—

I love not the wine-cup, but if thou art fain
I should drink deep, then taste it, and bear it to me;
If it touch but thy lips it were hard to refrain,
It were hard from the sweet maid who bears it to flee;
For the cup ferries over thy kisses, and plain
Does it speak of the grace that was given it by thee.

We are bidden to *causer*, and not to *chanter*, and perhaps there is enough of this one-sided Amœbean contest. Let us end with a more than usually successful version in prose from a more than commonly charming little lyric of Meleager's:—

"LOVE IN SPRING."

"Now the white violet blooms, and now the moist narcissus, and bloom the mountain-wandering lilies; and now, dear to her lovers, spring-flower among the flowers, Zenophile, the sweet rose of Persuasion, has burst into bloom. Meadows, why idly laugh in the brightness of your tresses? for my girl is better than garlands sweet to smell."

It must have been rather odd, by the way, to pass a shrine in ancient Greece and see that the pious Antiphilus had hung up his old hat in it, with an elegiac inscription, requesting the public not to steal the singular treasure. A pair of old boots is a

pathetic offering we often mark on the road-side, but there is no dedication *Εἰνοδίῃ*.

Before leaving the "Anthology," and Mr. Mackail's work, less light in hand than we might wish, but excellently scholarlike in notes and apparatus, we may observe one curiosity. There is a well-known old tale of Ronsard's hatred against Rabelais, and how he showed it by an unkind epitaph. The lines have nothing unkind about them, and are only a translation from an epigram in the "Anthology," which does not appear in Mr. Mackail's selection. Rabelais's own philosophy is comprised in that piece of Palladas which Mr. Mackail calls "The Rules of the Game."

"All life is a stage and a game; either learn to play it, laying by seriousness, or bear its pains."

This Life is a play that is played, and this world but a booth in a show;
Cast earnestness off, and play up; or sit down, and be mute with your woe.

The old discussion about an Academy of Literature is being revived; may Fortune give us better things. Jealousies and envyings we have in abundance; they would be multiplied if we had an Academy, and if people wanted to belong to it. The Royal Academy simply embitters the sweet souls of painters; and poets, or novelists, or historians would be no wiser than the artists. There would be intrigues, parties, cliques—perhaps there would be a compact Scotch phalanx in the Academy of Letters. Men who got in would be accused of succeeding by dint of hospitality, and an excellent cook would be a laurel crown to her employer. I have seen names of a preliminary committee mentioned; poor gentlemen! little leisure would they have left for their books and other duties. Besides, they might not happen to be the judges whom one particularly wishes to please; many writers would not care for the Bishop of Jericho's or the learned Mr. Smith's opinion of their work. It is the public we want to have of our party. Then the wearisome old talk of style revives; Style is like the letter H on the sandwich boards—"the public don't want it." They want to be amused and interested, and Mr. Stanley's style suits them as well as Cardinal Newman's. Even the French public was almost proverbially bored by the style of Théophile Gautier. One objection to an Academy is insurmountable—only elderly men would get into it; men who had done their work, and shot their bolt, and were past their best. It is so in painting; so it would be in letters, and this is discouraging. Of Frenchmen we read M. Maupassant, M. Bourget, M. Jules Lemaître, who are not of the Academy, much more than M. Boissier, who is an Immortal. What chance would that young gentleman whose Indian tales we all read have of academic success? Time, and the hurrying years, warn me that I am arguing against my own side, and contrary to the interests of the seniors. But the Muse is always young, and young should be the faithful of the Muse. Let us try an Academy with no bald or grey men in its ranks, with nobody in it over forty. As a matter of fact, an Academy, if normally constituted, would be a very grey and bald set of old fellows, and the outsiders would be the best men in their various fields of work, and would have the public on their side, and the laugh with them. For me (in the extreme case that I were deemed worthy of such a reward), I would spurn a medal, even a gold one, from an Academy. Even at school, medals seemed as undesirable as they were conspicuously out of reach. Literature and literary men are best left alone; no number of crowns and medals will help their cause, and to give them an Academy would only be to sow discord where all is now peace, harmony, and brotherly feeling. Of course, if one were a member of an Academy, and that arch-humbug, the poet Brown, or that over-estimated charlatan, the novelist Smith, came up for election, one would blackball him, and traduce him. It is better not to have the chance.

Would ladies be admitted to the sacred ranks? and if not, why not? Has any man written, for several years, a better novel of modern life, more humorous, pathetic, and exciting to curiosity, than Miss Broughton's "Alas!"? There are exuberancies in this lady's manner: it has "flowery components," but there is a fine sense of natural beauty and of human character. It is hard to know whether one prefers her plain Amelia, or her pretty Elizabeth—a portrait so subtle without being niggled, so "psychological" without being tedious. Our opinions on novels are inscrutable, one man's diversion is another man's tedium; "Alas!" may bore some people, but it would be ungrateful not to confess the entertainment which one has received from Cecilia and Sibylla, and Elizabeth and Byng. Yet one presumes that ladies, however great their merits, would be excluded from the Academy of Letters. And, to tell the truth, this might add to the amenity of that corporation. A charming young lady poet, who came canvassing for votes—who could resist her? especially if her rival were an eminent female specialist of mature age. Even if the electors were fair, nobody would believe in their impartiality.

A. Lang.

REVIEWS.

AN "EMINIST'S" ACCOUNT OF EMIN PASHA.

Emin Pasha and the Rebellion of the Equator: a Story of Nine Months' Experiences in the Last of the Soudan Provinces. By A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, with the Revision and Co-operation of Henry M. Stanley, D.C.L., &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Amid the *Sturm und Drang* of the outpour of literature connected with the Emin Pasha expedition, it is a relief to meet with Mr. Jephson's calm and dignified—let us at once say gentlemanly—narrative of his nine months' stay with Emin. Not that there is any lack of stir and excitement in the book. There is not a dull page in it from beginning to end. It has none of the marks of haste, either in style or temper, which disfigure the narrative of his leader, a narrative which, if it had been delayed till now, would surely have been toned down and polished up, and so been rendered in every way worthy of the undoubted greatness of its author. Mr. Jephson's story, full of incident and dealing with many delicate episodes, leaves no nasty taste in the mouth, and one's chief wish on finishing it is that it were longer. There is very naturally a leaning towards his friend and leader, Mr. Stanley, on the part of the author, but that is easily detected and easily discounted, and one has little difficulty in getting at the real facts and the true character of the too gentle and too considerate Governor of the Equatorial Province.

Mr. Jephson was more fortunate than any of his companions, more fortunate even than his leader. He must now congratulate himself that he volunteered to accompany Emin in April, 1888, in order to convey the messages of the Khedive and of Mr. Stanley to the people who occupied what remained of Emin's province, and who it was supposed were anxious to leave and so escape the tender mercies of the Mahdi. Those who love an exciting story will also be grateful for Mr. Jephson's decision, and even more so those who desire to have a trustworthy account of the actual condition of Equatoria when Emin left. We have all this in Mr. Jephson's volume. He gives us many clear and well-defined pictures of the country and people on the shores of the Albert Nyanza and along the banks of the Nile within a mile or two of Rejaf, Emin's remotest station. We see what a great work has been ruined (let us hope only temporarily) mainly through the inefficiency and oppressiveness of Egyptian rule. The names and form of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker are still cherished in all

the region; they knew how to mingle humane consideration for the natives with stringent discipline, and that is what is wanted if any progress is ever to be made in Africa. The stations founded by Baker and his successor Gordon, and by Emin himself, studded all the Upper Nile. Even when Mr. Jephson was there Wadelai and several others were models of what such stations should be: well-built houses, clean and trim streets, shady squares, strong walls, and deep trenches. For miles around some of them the fields were flourishing with crops of grain and other cultures. All this existed with the Egyptian and Soudanese troops in a state of partly open, partly latent rebellion, and invasion by the Mahdists imminent. One can realise what might be made of the Upper Nile and Lake Region, under an energetic and just administration, under the guidance of such a man as Sir Samuel Baker and, we shall even venture to say, Mr. Stanley The region with which Mr. Jephson's book deals is now admittedly within the sphere of the British East Africa Company; and they may learn from Mr. Jephson what can be made of it, with fair-dealing Englishmen instead of exiled Egyptian criminals and half-civilised Soudanese to look after it.

It says much for Emin Pasha, considering the material he had to work with, that he managed to preserve his province from anarchy so long as he did. Mr. Jephson, like Mr. Stanley, expresses surprise that Emin did not tell the world frankly what was the real state of affairs. The truth is that neither he nor Dr. Junker imagined that there was anything remarkable in the semi-rebellious condition in which Mr. Jephson found the provinces—nor, for the matter of that, would Gordon himself, had he been alive. There was always more or less dissatisfaction among the heterogeneous and half-savage herds with which the Governors of these provinces had to work. It is doubtful even if Emin realised the significance of the rebellion of the 1st Battalion; he was so easy-going, so inclined to smooth things over, so absorbed in his collections, that he probably deceived himself. There was no doubt the news of Mr. Stanley's expedition and the actual presence of Mr. Jephson brought matters to a crisis. The leading rebellious spirits took advantage of these circumstances to poison the minds of all the troops and people. They saw that if they left they would probably not be so well off as they were in a district where they had everything their own way and exercised a reign of terror over the natives. Doubtless they realised that if they settled anywhere else they would have little of their own way, might have to work hard, and be under strict discipline. No wonder, then, that they objected to deportation, and made their Governor and his English friend prisoners. Until this was done, probably Emin did not realise the true position.

When at last Emin did make up his mind to go, it must have been with a feeling of humiliation; and it must be said Mr. Stanley's bearing did not make his position any softer for him. This, with the reproaches of his own people, the exhaustion of body and mind consequent on his thirteen years' troubled residence in a trying climate, the inevitable irritations peculiar to his position, his fears as to the future, are quite enough to account for the unsocial attitude, the sulkiness and acid moods of Emin which Mr. Jephson refers to with regret. Another element of discord and bitterness was added when Emin came within reach of German influences. Then it should be remembered we have never heard Emin's side of the story. But the general impression left upon us after reading Mr. Jephson's narrative is that of an amiable man, with much tenderness in his nature, whose first love is science, but who by force of circumstance found himself in a position in which he could only have been successful had he had under him able and honest lieutenants. As it was, it is evident that Emin's nature did not escape scatheless from his savage surroundings.

Mr. Jephson—the "Eminist" as Mr. Stanley dubbed him—between whom and Emin a genuine and enduring attachment sprang up, caught the infection of his friend's enthusiasm for natural history and anthropology. We have, therefore, many notes on the birds and beasts of the region, and one very instructive chapter on the Baré people, with whom Sir Samuel Baker had so much trouble many years ago.

Mr. Jephson refers to the fact that when Mr. Stanley first reached Lake Albert, there was no sign of Emin, though he knew the expedition was expected. Mr. Jephson cannot understand this; but why did not he ask Emin to explain when he had the chance? We know that just a few days before Stanley's arrival Emin wrote home to Europe, "If Stanley does not come, we perish." It seems evident that there was great risk of this; the Mahdists would certainly have taken one station after another, as in the end they did. Still Emin might easily have escaped with all who cared to accompany him; so that, after all, one doubts if the Relief Expedition was necessary. As a matter of fact, we know now for certain that the Committee who sent it out had other ends in view: we do not blame them, but it is well that this should be clearly understood. It explains Stanley's anxiety, evident from Mr. Jephson's book, that Emin and his people should settle down on the north-east shore of Victoria Nyanza. Even yet one does not quite understand why this project was not carried out, for the people wished it.

Mr. Jephson's interesting and admirably illustrated narrative is suggestive of much more than has been said; it is the indispensable supplement to Mr. Stanley's own narrative. It is happily free from the insinuations, recriminations, and horrors of the other literature of this unique expedition. The quarrels of African explorers would make a volume as curious as that of old Disraeli on the "Quarrels of Authors." Nine-tenths of them may be attributed to climatic insanity; and in this respect the Emin Pasha Expedition was no exception to its predecessors, in which may be included Livingstone's Zambesi expedition, and that of Speke and Grant to Lake Tanganyika.

PÈRE ET FILS.

Correspondence and Speeches of Mr. Peter Rylands, M.P., with a Sketch of his Career. By his Son, L. Gordon Rylands, B.A., Author of "Crime: its Causes and Remedy." Manchester: Abel Heywood & Son.

Mr. Gordon Rylands has published two volumes in honour of his father and of the Fifth Commandment. One is very lively; the other is very dull. One will be read by everybody; the other will be read by nobody. The one contains what other people wrote to Mr. Rylands, and the other what Mr. Rylands said himself. As the work is probably unique, a few words may advantageously, or at least excusably, be devoted to a mere catalogue of its contents. Forty-two pages of the first volume are devoted to a biography of "*Mr.* Peter Rylands, M.P.," as he is called on the title-page by his son. The remaining three hundred and thirty pages are occupied by letters which various people—many of whom are living—addressed to Mr. Rylands from the year 1869 to the year 1886. The second volume, containing four hundred and eight pages of very small type, consists entirely of Mr. Rylands's own speeches, which it is difficult to believe that any human creature will deliberately wade through. They were all made before the Liberal schism of 1885, and abound in familiar sentiments on hackneyed subjects. Mr. Rylands was a worthy and rather commonplace man, who voted with his party till the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, and then left the service of Mr. Gladstone to enter the service of Lord Hartington. He died in February, 1887, before the strength of his new allegiance could be tried by the touchstone of permanent Coercion.

Except one brief and formal note in reply to a

public address, Mr. Gordon Rylands has published none of his father's letters. Those which the father received, and which the son has printed, are a various and entertaining collection. Some are extremely interesting. Others are excessively trivial. Many are personal. One is indecent. Hardly any of them were written with a view to publication, and in regard to some of them it is scarcely conceivable that the writers should have sanctioned their being printed. Yet both Mr. Gordon Rylands and his publishers must, one would suppose, be aware that without such sanction he had no right to print them. Even if the law were otherwise it is not easy to imagine a man of sense and honour putting some of this private correspondence—an entirely one-sided correspondence—before the world. The grossest imputations upon the character of a late Foreign Secretary and a late official of the Foreign Office, among others, are made without a particle of evidence by some of Mr. Rylands's friends. In only one case has the name of a person defamed been concealed, and then the caution seems to have been exercised by the writer of the letter, not by the editor of the volume. The repast is served up without dressing. Only the rarest and briefest annotations explain such points as Mr. Gordon Rylands happens to understand.

These two volumes cannot be called a book, unless this word be used in the sense which applies to Charles Lamb's *biblia abiblia*. But there is a good deal of miscellanous feeding in them, as there was in the famous calf's head. Mr. Gordon Rylands's account of his father is unusually free from filial prejudice or partiality. Speaking of his father's youth he says, "Mr. Rylands was at this time an earnest Christian," without informing us whether it was the earnestness or the Christianity which subsequently ran dry. But perhaps the most delightful part of a delightful narrative is that which describes Mr. Rylands's attitude towards the Coercion Bill of 1881. He detested the Bill because it was against his principles. He voted for it because he was desired to do so by his constituents. At this point Mr. Gordon Rylands must take up the wondrous tale. "This was a very bitter experience for a man of such strong convictions and such independence of character as Mr. Rylands. He writhed under the compulsion to which he yielded, and the whole volume of his pent-up wrath was directed against Mr. Gladstone. It was Mr. Gladstone who, as head of the Government, was responsible for this mistaken policy, and it was the remarkable influence of Mr. Gladstone upon men that led his constituents to insist upon their member's loyalty to his leader. It was Mr. Gladstone, therefore, whom Mr. Rylands made responsible for the humiliation he felt in voting one way while his convictions pointed in another." Mr. Gladstone's responsibility is indeed extensive. Happily, his shoulders are broad. As for Mr. Rylands, we are told that "Burnley suited him;" and this is certainly one of the cases in which three words are as good as three pages. "Mr. Chamberlain," it is interesting to be informed, "repeatedly expressed to Mr. Rylands his disapproval of the Coercion Bill, telling him that Mr. John Bright was equally opposed to it, and urged him to vote against the Bill." Mr. Rylands declined this novel form of invitation from a Cabinet Minister, but offered to support Mr. Chamberlain if that gentleman resigned. It was a safe offer.

"Another measure of this Government which Mr. Rylands regarded with intense dislike was its adoption of the Clôture, and in this case again he refrained from opposing the Government, in conformity with the wishes of his constituents." So carefully is the memory of Mr. Rylands protected by his son. But it is when we come to the severance of Mr. Rylands from the Liberal party that we feel the full benefit of filial advocacy. Mr. Rylands, it seems, objected to the long sittings caused by the Irish members, "and having once become prejudiced against them, he began to credit the many current reports as to their complicity with crime in Ireland. This dislike was much intensified by the action of the Irish party with regard to the elections in 1885, and he was extremely annoyed that Mr. Parnell should request the Irish voters in Burnley to oppose him, as he considered that he was entitled to the gratitude of the Irish people, quite forgetting that in their estimation all obligations had been cancelled by the Coercion Act." Mr. Rylands was also, it seems, "actuated at this time by a feeling of distrust and dislike of Mr. Gladstone, which had grown, little by little, since 1880, until it amounted almost to a monomania." He also observed, like the typical Unionist: "So much has been done in the last fifty years, such rapid progress has been made, that there is scarcely anything which urgently calls for reform." Moreover, as his son affectionately and piously expresses it, "owing to the decay of mental vigour, Mr. Rylands had allowed two powerful prejudices so to obscure his judgment as to prevent him from forming an impartial opinion on any matter upon which they were able to operate." One shrinks from adding a flower to this wreath. But a letter from Mr. Childers, dated the 4th of May, 1884, may conveniently be quoted here. "My dear Rylands," writes the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "you and I have so often fought the same battle that you will believe that I speak with absolute sincerity when I say that I deeply regret your not being in office. I certainly had no idea that you had either time or inclination for it, but when you tell me that this is not so, I can only deplore that Mr. Gladstone was not better informed than myself. If you had given a hint to myself, or to any of those who have taken the same line that you have in opposition, I feel sure that your claims would have been recognised."

Some of the letters in this volume have only their privacy to recommend them. Thus Mr. T. B. Potter's opinion that "Greenall is scarified," and Mr. Lefevre's request that Mr. Rylands would put off a question "about the statue," might have been consigned to the waste-paper basket together. Another correspondent's ingenuous belief that "the Lawrences," meaning the Aldermen of that ilk, showed in 1869 "a want of that cunning they have always had a reputation for," is more piquant, but also more obscure. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is always good fun, whether he tells Mr. Rylands that the country, freed from Bishops and Lords, should be "governed solely by Baronets and Radical M.P.'s"; or lets off his high spirits in execrable verse. Yet he hardly rises to the level of Judge Harden, who "hopes that it is not figuratively, though assuredly it is literally true, that at Warrington the County Court stinks in the nostrils of the public." A letter from a Major-General is only noticeable because expressly written *in confidence* (the italics in the original). A Lancashire Radical indulges in free and highly coloured language. "People who knew Lowe at Sydney," he writes in 1871, "say that he is a traitor, a traitor by nature; that he cannot help betraying anybody with whom he is connected." In 1880, referring to a false and foolish report that the Queen would not send a carriage to meet Lord Hartington at Windsor, this gentleman writes: "The Queen is not a very wise woman, as most of her subjects know, but she is surely not an unmitigated fool. She has never been forgiven down here for refusing to open the Manchester Town Hall, because the Mayor's wife had given a statue of Cromwell to the city; and if she has snubbed the whole Liberal party in this way, she ought never to be forgiven by the nation. Looking at what we have got as a sovereign, and at what we may expect, I think we had better go in for a Republic, and pack the Queen and Lord B. off to Jerusalem." Mr. Labouchere writes with his accustomed frankness, as one gentleman may always write to another, or might, till Mr. Gordon Rylands appeared upon the scene. One of Mr. Labouchere's

letters, published without a word of excuse, contains the colloquial but not ambiguous injunction, "Don't say I told you." No letter appears to have been excluded because its tone was disrespectful to Mr. Rylands. "But no more about cutting down the Navy, an thou lovest me, Peter," writes the late John Delaware Lewis. Mr. James White writes, "If Mrs. Rylands would have pleasure in calling you Sir Peter, I do think you ought to be one of the new Baronets." A man of fashion and elegance, referring to some predecessors of the Primrose Dames who opposed him in 1873, is allowed to tell the public that "those women were like tigresses." That fine old English gentleman, Mr. Jesse Collings, was not popular with the Tories at the end of 1885. "They were," he wrote on the last day of that year, "quite sure of winning, and had my effigy and a coffin ready to bury me on the declaration of the poll. Their rage against me knows no bounds." John Bright, in a characteristic letter, declares (1878) that "the *Times* has acted in a manner singularly base and cowardly, even for it. Its articles are feeble and mean to the last degree."

The gem of the show is of course Mr. Chamberlain's letter on the blackballing of his brothers at the Reform Club in 1882, to which reference was made in our columns last week. There are two delicious and thoroughly characteristic sentences. "I find," writes the great man, "I find the good people at Birmingham are furious. They will come up and storm the Club if something is not done." It may be hoped that the Athenæum is insured. One of Mr. Rylands's most copious correspondents, Mr. E. G. Salisbury, whose letters are marked by striking candour, died within a day or two after these singular volumes first saw the light—*felix opportunitate mortis*. The publication is a bad business, from whatever point of view it may be regarded.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "LANDMARKS OF HOMERIC STUDY."

Landmarks of Homeric Study, together with an Essay on the Points of Contact between the Assyrian Tablets and the Homeric Text. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Gladstone has found time to give the world another book on Homer, a small treatise of 160 duodecimo pages. Many of his old views are repeated and enforced, even those which the advance of Homeric knowledge has rendered almost untenable. The book shows a great knowledge of the Homeric poems and a great love for them; not, however, accompanied by any very great critical insight. The second essay, "Homer as a Nation-maker," has some striking and just observations, though Mr. Gladstone's forms of language require constant re-adjustment to make them acceptable to most modern Homeric scholars. He treats Homer as an observant Greek in the time of Plato might have treated him—as a historical personage, not only poet, but sage, politician, and moralist, consciously adopting and rejecting and inventing religious beliefs and customs with a view to improving the state of Hellas. If we translate "Homer" into "the Epic spirit," or, more personally, into "the authors of the Homeric poems," and mentally substitute a widespread tendency in each case for what Mr. Gladstone makes an individual purpose, this chapter becomes fruitful of interesting ideas. The marks of "Phœnicianism" are instructive; and the theory of Homer's dislike to brutal Asiatic deities is very suggestive. The short Section xxvii., on the foreign influence in Greece, as conceived by Homer, is admirably put, and so are the pages which show the difficulties with which the Achæan religion had to contend to avoid contamination from the degraded religions of Asia Minor. The account of the rudiments of ethics in Homeric society is also good, and that of the rudiments of politics even better, though, like the rest of the book, they are too vague and sketchy to be of much value to a student. It is interesting to hear Mr. Gladstone say:—"So far as I am able to discern, the average Hebrew of the earlier historical books of Scripture falls short of rather than exceeds in moral stature the Achaian Greek;" a sentiment with which we abundantly concur. The points of contact with the Assyrian tablets do not amount to much, except the explanation of the name *Hyperion* as "Son of the Moon," which seems likely to be correct. We need hardly say that Mr. Gladstone's book is very interesting to read, nor that it abounds in theories and points of view which are very startling to the orthodox Homeric student of the new school. It contains several coined words, such as "Homerology," "geotypy," "Phœnicianism," and "theanthropy," all of which, however, have a definite purpose in their formation. The book is rather a summary of Mr. Gladstone's views on some of the main problems of Homeric study than an attempt to prove them or illustrate them in detail.

THOREAU.

The Life of Henry David Thoreau. By H. S. Salt. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1890.

Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau. Selected and Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1890.

When it was announced that Mr. H. S. Salt had a "Life of Thoreau" in the press we were much interested, anticipating not unreasonably that the writer of another biography of the "Poet-Naturalist" should have something fresh to communicate with regard to the life-history of his subject. Thoreau cannot be called a popular author—an author whose very popularity demands a multiplicity of "lives" and "memoirs." His story has already been more or less adequately told by his friends Emerson, Ellery, Channing, and F. B. Sanborn in America, and by H. A. Page (Dr. A. H. Japp) in this country; and it therefore immediately suggested itself that the writer of a new life of Thoreau must have some fresh materials to further interest those already interested in his subject, or he must have hit upon a method of writing the life of an unpopular author in a manner specially calculated to recommend it to the mass of readers. Mr. H. S. Salt has done neither of these things. Probably all that there is to tell of Thoreau's uneventful life has been told; while of his works, and of what manner of man he was, it is scarcely necessary to say much—for there are his works themselves; and we have always held that Thoreau will be more easily and better understood by the extended publication of his work here than by the multiplication of any number of "lives," and expositions of his "aims." Indeed, we have no hesitation in hazarding the suggestion that where Mr. Salt's "Life" will gain one admirer for Thoreau, a book such as the one noticed below will win half a dozen. Such persons as have Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau" ("American Men of Letters Series") already on their shelves, will have but little reason for adding this new volume to their library, while anyone purchasing a life of the Hermit of Walden for the first time would, we think, if given an opportunity of comparing the works beforehand, unhesitatingly purchase the earlier and (for such considerations will creep in) far cheaper one.

Not often, perhaps, has an author been so widely, so persistently, and so ridiculously misunderstood as has Thoreau. Here was a man who not only had an ideal, which is perhaps a sufficiently common phenomenon, but who steadfastly attempted so far as his own life was concerned to live up to that ideal. We hear a great deal said in favour of plain living and high thinking, yet when a man makes that rule the leading article of his creed and acts up to it, hard words are hurled at him—he is a "skulker" (*vide* Robert Louis Stevenson), a "cynic," a "man without a healthy mind" (*vide* James Russell Lowell);

public address, Mr. Gordon Rylands has published none of his father's letters. Those which the father received, and which the son has printed, are a various and entertaining collection. Some are extremely interesting. Others are excessively trivial. Many are personal. One is indecent. Hardly any of them were written with a view to publication, and in regard to some of them it is scarcely conceivable that the writers should have sanctioned their being printed. Yet both Mr. Gordon Rylands and his publishers must, one would suppose, be aware that without such sanction he had no right to print them. Even if the law were otherwise it is not easy to imagine a man of sense and honour putting some of this private correspondence—an entirely one-sided correspondence—before the world. The grossest imputations upon the character of a late Foreign Secretary and a late official of the Foreign Office, among others, are made without a particle of evidence by some of Mr. Rylands's friends. In only one case has the name of a person defamed been concealed, and then the caution seems to have been exercised by the writer of the letter, not by the editor of the volume. The repast is served up without dressing. Only the rarest and briefest annotations explain such points as Mr. Gordon Rylands happens to understand.

These two volumes cannot be called a book, unless this word be used in the sense which applies to Charles Lamb's *biblia abiblia*. But there is a good deal of miscellanous feeding in them, as there was in the famous calf's head. Mr. Gordon Rylands's account of his father is unusually free from filial prejudice or partiality. Speaking of his father's youth he says, "Mr. Rylands was at this time an earnest Christian," without informing us whether it was the earnestness or the Christianity which subsequently ran dry. But perhaps the most delightful part of a delightful narrative is that which describes Mr. Rylands's attitude towards the Coercion Bill of 1881. He detested the Bill because it was against his principles. He voted for it because he was desired to do so by his constituents. At this point Mr. Gordon Rylands must take up the wondrous tale. "This was a very bitter experience for a man of such strong convictions and such independence of character as Mr. Rylands. He writhed under the compulsion to which he yielded, and the whole volume of his pent-up wrath was directed against Mr. Gladstone. It was Mr. Gladstone who, as head of the Government, was responsible for this mistaken policy, and it was the remarkable influence of Mr. Gladstone upon men that led his constituents to insist upon their member's loyalty to his leader. It was Mr. Gladstone, therefore, whom Mr. Rylands made responsible for the humiliation he felt in voting one way while his convictions pointed in another." Mr. Gladstone's responsibility is indeed extensive. Happily, his shoulders are broad. As for Mr. Rylands, we are told that "Burnley suited him;" and this is certainly one of the cases in which three words are as good as three pages. "Mr. Chamberlain," it is interesting to be informed, "repeatedly expressed to Mr. Rylands his disapproval of the Coercion Bill, telling him that Mr. John Bright was equally opposed to it, and urged him to vote against the Bill." Mr. Rylands declined this novel form of invitation from a Cabinet Minister, but offered to support Mr. Chamberlain if that gentleman resigned. It was a safe offer.

"Another measure of this Government which Mr. Rylands regarded with intense dislike was its adoption of the Clôture, and in this case again he refrained from opposing the Government, in conformity with the wishes of his constituents." So carefully is the memory of Mr. Rylands protected by his son. But it is when we come to the severance of Mr. Rylands from the Liberal party that we feel the full benefit of filial advocacy. Mr. Rylands, it seems, objected to the long sittings caused by the Irish members, "and having once become prejudiced against them, he began to credit the many current reports as to their complicity with crime in Ireland. This dislike was much intensified by the action of the Irish party with regard to the elections in 1885, and he was extremely annoyed that Mr. Parnell should request the Irish voters in Burnley to oppose him, as he considered that he was entitled to the gratitude of the Irish people, quite forgetting that in their estimation all obligations had been cancelled by the Coercion Act." Mr. Rylands was also, it seems, "actuated at this time by a feeling of distrust and dislike of Mr. Gladstone, which had grown, little by little, since 1880, until it amounted almost to a monomania." He also observed, like the typical Unionist: "So much has been done in the last fifty years, such rapid progress has been made, that there is scarcely anything which urgently calls for reform." Moreover, as his son affectionately and piously expresses it, "owing to the decay of mental vigour, Mr. Rylands had allowed two powerful prejudices so to obscure his judgment as to prevent him from forming an impartial opinion on any matter upon which they were able to operate." One shrinks from adding a flower to this wreath. But a letter from Mr. Childers, dated the 4th of May, 1884, may conveniently be quoted here. "My dear Rylands," writes the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "you and I have so often fought the same battle that you will believe that I speak with absolute sincerity when I say that I deeply regret your not being in office. I certainly had no idea that you had either time or inclination for it, but when you tell me that this is not so, I can only deplore that Mr. Gladstone was not better informed than myself. If you had given a hint to myself, or to any of those who have taken the same line that you have in opposition, I feel sure that your claims would have been recognised."

Some of the letters in this volume have only their privacy to recommend them. Thus Mr. T. B. Potter's opinion that "Greenall is scarified," and Mr. Lefevre's request that Mr. Rylands would put off a question "about the statue," might have been consigned to the waste-paper basket together. Another correspondent's ingenuous belief that "the Lawrences," meaning the Aldermen of that ilk, showed in 1869 "a want of that cunning they have always had a reputation for," is more piquant, but also more obscure. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is always good fun, whether he tells Mr. Rylands that the country, freed from Bishops and Lords, should be "governed solely by Baronets and Radical M.P.'s"; or lets off his high spirits in execrable verse. Yet he hardly rises to the level of Judge Harden, who "hopes that it is not figuratively, though assuredly it is literally true, that at Warrington the County Court stinks in the nostrils of the public." A letter from a Major-General is only noticeable because expressly written *in confidence* (the italics in the original). A Lancashire Radical indulges in free and highly coloured language. "People who knew Lowe at Sydney," he writes in 1871, "say that he is a traitor, a traitor by nature; that he cannot help betraying anybody with whom he is connected." In 1880, referring to a false and foolish report that the Queen would not send a carriage to meet Lord Hartington at Windsor, this gentleman writes: "The Queen is not a very wise woman, as most of her subjects know, but she is surely not an unmitigated fool. She has never been forgiven down here for refusing to open the Manchester Town Hall, because the Mayor's wife had given a statue of Cromwell to the city; and if she has snubbed the whole Liberal party in this way, she ought never to be forgiven by the nation. Looking at what we have got as a sovereign, and at what we may expect, I think we had better go in for a Republic, and pack the Queen and Lord B. off to Jerusalem." Mr. Labouchere writes with his accustomed frankness, as one gentleman may always write to another, or might, till Mr. Gordon Rylands appeared upon the scene. One of Mr. Labouchere's

letters, published without a word of excuse, contains the colloquial but not ambiguous injunction, "Don't say I told you." No letter appears to have been excluded because its tone was disrespectful to Mr. Rylands. "But no more about cutting down the Navy, an thou lovest me, Peter," writes the late John Delaware Lewis. Mr. James White writes, "If Mrs. Rylands would have pleasure in calling you Sir Peter, I do think you ought to be one of the new Baronets." A man of fashion and elegance, referring to some predecessors of the Primrose Dames who opposed him in 1873, is allowed to tell the public that "those women were like tigresses." That fine old English gentleman, Mr. Jesse Collings, was not popular with the Tories at the end of 1885. "They were," he wrote on the last day of that year, "quite sure of winning, and had my effigy and a coffin ready to bury me on the declaration of the poll. Their rage against me knows no bounds." John Bright, in a characteristic letter, declares (1878) that "the *Times* has acted in a manner singularly base and cowardly, even for it. Its articles are feeble and mean to the last degree."

The gem of the show is of course Mr. Chamberlain's letter on the blackballing of his brothers at the Reform Club in 1882, to which reference was made in our columns last week. There are two delicious and thoroughly characteristic sentences. "I find," writes the great man, "I find the good people at Birmingham are furious. They will come up and storm the Club if something is not done." It may be hoped that the Athenæum is insured. One of Mr. Rylands's most copious correspondents, Mr. E. G. Salisbury, whose letters are marked by striking candour, died within a day or two after these singular volumes first saw the light—*felix opportunitate mortis*. The publication is a bad business, from whatever point of view it may be regarded.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "LANDMARKS OF HOMERIC STUDY."

Landmarks of Homeric Study, together with an Essay on the Points of Contact between the Assyrian Tablets and the Homeric Text. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Gladstone has found time to give the world another book on Homer, a small treatise of 160 duodecimo pages. Many of his old views are repeated and enforced, even those which the advance of Homeric knowledge has rendered almost untenable. The book shows a great knowledge of the Homeric poems and a great love for them; not, however, accompanied by any very great critical insight. The second essay, "Homer as a Nation-maker," has some striking and just observations, though Mr. Gladstone's forms of language require constant re-adjustment to make them acceptable to most modern Homeric scholars. He treats Homer as an observant Greek in the time of Plato might have treated him — as a historical personage, not only poet, but sage, politician, and moralist, consciously adopting and rejecting and inventing religious beliefs and customs with a view to improving the state of Hellas. If we translate "Homer" into "the Epic spirit," or, more personally, into "the authors of the Homeric poems," and mentally substitute a widespread tendency in each case for what Mr. Gladstone makes an individual purpose, this chapter becomes fruitful of interesting ideas. The marks of "Phœnicianism" are instructive; and the theory of Homer's dislike to brutal Asiatic deities is very suggestive. The short Section xxvii., on the foreign influence in Greece, as conceived by Homer, is admirably put, and so are the pages which show the difficulties with which the Achæan religion had to contend to avoid contamination from the degraded religions of Asia Minor. The account of the rudiments of ethics in Homeric society is also good, and that of the rudiments of politics even better, though, like the rest of the book, they are too vague and sketchy to be of much value to a student. It is interesting to hear Mr. Gladstone say:—"So far as I am able to discern, the average Hebrew of the earlier historical books of Scripture falls short of rather than exceeds in moral stature the Achaian Greek;" a sentiment with which we abundantly concur. The points of contact with the Assyrian tablets do not amount to much, except the explanation of the name *Hyperion* as "Son of the Moon," which seems likely to be correct. We need hardly say that Mr. Gladstone's book is very interesting to read, nor that it abounds in theories and points of view which are very startling to the orthodox Homeric student of the new school. It contains several coined words, such as "Homerology," "geotypy," "Phœnicianism," and "theanthropy," all of which, however, have a definite purpose in their formation. The book is rather a summary of Mr. Gladstone's views on some of the main problems of Homeric study than an attempt to prove them or illustrate them in detail.

THOREAU.

The Life of Henry David Thoreau. By H. S. Salt. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1890.

Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau. Selected and Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1890.

When it was announced that Mr. H. S. Salt had a "Life of Thoreau" in the press we were much interested, anticipating not unreasonably that the writer of another biography of the "Poet-Naturalist" should have something fresh to communicate with regard to the life-history of his subject. Thoreau cannot be called a popular author—an author whose very popularity demands a multiplicity of "lives" and "memoirs." His story has already been more or less adequately told by his friends Emerson, Ellery, Channing, and F. B. Sanborn in America, and by H. A. Page (Dr. A. H. Japp) in this country; and it therefore immediately suggested itself that the writer of a new life of Thoreau must have some fresh materials to further interest those already interested in his subject, or he must have hit upon a method of writing the life of an unpopular author in a manner specially calculated to recommend it to the mass of readers. Mr. H. S. Salt has done neither of these things. Probably all that there is to tell of Thoreau's uneventful life has been told; while of his works, and of what manner of man he was, it is scarcely necessary to say much—for there are his works themselves; and we have always held that Thoreau will be more easily and better understood by the extended publication of his work here than by the multiplication of any number of "lives," and expositions of his "aims." Indeed, we have no hesitation in hazarding the suggestion that where Mr. Salt's "Life" will gain one admirer for Thoreau, a book such as the one noticed below will win half a dozen. Such persons as have Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau" ("American Men of Letters Series") already on their shelves, will have but little reason for adding this new volume to their library, while anyone purchasing a life of the Hermit of Walden for the first time would, we think, if given an opportunity of comparing the works beforehand, unhesitatingly purchase the earlier and (for such considerations will creep in) far cheaper one.

Not often, perhaps, has an author been so widely, so persistently, and so ridiculously misunderstood as has Thoreau. Here was a man who not only had an ideal, which is perhaps a sufficiently common phenomenon, but who steadfastly attempted so far as his own life was concerned to live up to that ideal. We hear a great deal said in favour of plain living and high thinking, yet when a man makes that rule the leading article of his creed and acts up to it, hard words are hurled at him—he is a "skulker" (*vide* Robert Louis Stevenson), a "cynic," a "man without a healthy mind" (*vide* James Russell Lowell);

he is, forsooth, a "stoico-epicurean-adiaphorist" (*vide* Professor Nichol). Such and similar are the expressions levelled at this man—one of the most original geniuses that America has produced—levelled at him, too, by men whose position in the literary world clothes their words with some authority, and whose *obiter dicta* are accepted as final by many persons too lazy to form opinions for themselves.

Mr. Salt, as has been said, gives us little that is new with regard to Thoreau's life and ethical teaching; his book is largely made up of passages from Thoreau's works and letters, and from other letters which throw more or less light on the life and work of Thoreau; though he is an appreciative student of the poet-naturalist, he maintains a fairly judicial attitude, and we welcome his book as we should always welcome any work that tends to set right a sadly mistaken view of any man, such as is that which obtains with regard to Thoreau. Mr. Salt has certainly added to the value of his book by an extremely useful bibliography.

The Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers of Thoreau form one of the latest volumes of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's useful "Social Science Series." The volume contains five papers, on "Civil Disobedience," two upon Captain John Brown, "Paradise (to be) Regained," "Life without Principle," and an introduction by Mr. Salt. Readers who know Thoreau only by such of his writings as "Walden" and "The Week" will meet him here, if not in a new light, at any rate amplifying on practical questions that are but casually touched upon in the books named. The paper on "Civil Disobedience" is mainly an attempt at justifying a man in refusing to support a Government (even to the extent of being imprisoned by it!) whose actions he cannot but condemn. "I think," he says—and surely, well says—"that we should be men first, and subjects afterwards." On hearing of the arrest of Captain John Brown (of Harper's Ferry fame) Thoreau sent round among the inhabitants of Concord saying that he would speak on the subject on the following Sunday. The Abolition Committee intimated that it would be ill-timed and unadvisable. "I did not send to you for advice," he characteristically replied, "but to announce that I am to speak." The result was the "Plea for John Brown," the most eloquent and impassioned of Thoreau's works. The last essay in this volume—that on "Life without Principle"—immediately brings to mind, as indeed does any consideration of Thoreau's life and work, that beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth's:—

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> . . . . . .
> . . . Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
> Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn."

A POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS. By J. A. Steuart. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

IN his well printed and illustrated book, Mr. Steuart criticises no less than seventeen living authors. He has chosen to do so in a series of seventeen letters, each letter purporting to be addressed to the author it criticises. The method cannot be recommended. In many hands it might be rude. The woman who in angry tones bade the eel she was skinning alive to lie still was unreasonable; and to scarify an author as some bitter mocking spirit might be led to do in a letter addressed to him would be to abuse the right of personal communication. We do not want the tone of the "Letters of Junius" introduced into literature.

So far as Mr. Steuart is concerned these remarks are wholly uncalled for. A man less like "Junius" cannot be imagined. He has a temperament we envy. It may not be critical, but, as Tommy Traddles said of female society, it is very delightful. Mr. Steuart actually likes (with one dubious exception) *all* his seventeen authors—every mother's son of them. Only think of it!

The first letter is addressed to Mr. George Meredith, a somewhat difficult author, as some find him. Mr. Steuart dotes on him, and declares Sir Willoughby Patterne to be one of the most magnificent studies in the whole range of literature. He delights in "Diana of the Crossways" and "Rhoda Fleming," but places "Feverel" above them. He wants, so fiery is his enthusiasm, to put everybody through a course of Meredith.

But this lucky man also dotes on Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Robert Buchanan. He declares the "Deemster" of the former gentleman to surpass the "Egoist" as an organic whole. Daniel Mylrea is one of the characters of the century—Walter Scott and Victor Hugo have nothing better, and have never risen to a greater tragic height than Mr. Caine's scene on Tynwald Hill. But Mr. Buchanan is as good; his "God and the Man" is powerful, terrible, fascinating, and contains situations which thrilled Mr. Steuart "to the marrow."

Then there is Mr. Blackmore; what can be better than Mr. Blackmore? His Lorna Doone will compare with any heroine of any novelist living or dead, except, perhaps, some of the heroines of Goethe, and one or two of Mr. Howells'.

Why Mr. Steuart should be so fond of Goethe's heroines we cannot think. We hold De Quincey's opinion about those ladies, but the reference to Mr. Howells was annoying. We had hoped to find Mr. Steuart drawing the line at Mr. Howells. Not he, indeed! He is very fond of Mr. Howells—though he admits limitations. "Grandeur," he tells his correspondent, "is not in your line;" there is not much that is majestic "in your writings." But they are good writings, for all that. So are Mr. Black's. Mr. Black is one of the best of living novelists. He may have written too much, but more than once he has bent all his faculties on a single book. The "Princess of Thule" is a work of real art: so likewise is "Macleod of Dare," the end of which is one of the best pieces of work done by any novelist living or dead.

Then, how good Mr. Hardy is! In some respects Mr. Steuart puts him above Scott. His hand is truer than Scott's.

Count Tolstoi, of course, comes off with flying colours. "War and Peace" is unmatchable; "Anna Karenine" is one of the twenty novels of the world. The Russian ranks with Scott and Goethe, and Hugo and Balzac, and Cervantes and Georges Sand, and consequently with Hall Caine and Buchanan.

Mr. Steuart is also very fond indeed of Mr. J. G. Whittier's poetry, which reminds him of Burns's. He is not equally enthusiastic about Mr. Swinburne's poetry. This is not, he says, "the poetry of Shakespeare, or the poetry of Dante, or even the poetry of Wordsworth. But it is poetry all the same." It is, we suppose, Mr. Swinburne's poetry *simpliciter*.

Mr. Steuart also refers to Mr. Lang's versatility, Mr. Stevenson's humour, Mr. Ruskin's eloquence, Mr. Lowell's wit, all in the same friendly spirit. How unlike the carping of Lord Byron, who hated most people and disliked the rest! The last letter alone is, unless we have misread it, dubious. We are not certain whether Mr. Steuart likes Mark Twain. It is odd if he does not. Why the author of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck' Finn" should be left cooling his heels in the vestibule of Mr. Steuart's affections and not be admitted into the sanctum of his soul where the other sixteen gentlemen sit carousing is hard to think. We hope we are mistaken, and that really Mr. Steuart is as fond of Twain as he is of Tolstoi.

The temper of this book may not be the critical temper. Indeed, it cannot be. To like everybody

must be wrong. But it is an enviable temper. "Where," asked the little boy in the cemetery, "are the bad people buried?" Who, we ask, as we lay down Mr. Steuart's book, are the poor authors, the strained wits? They must be all dead and gone. Competition has killed them. Only the fit survive, and Mr. Steuart is their prophet.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. Lady Hazleton's Confession. By Mrs. J. Kent Spender. Three vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.
2. The Honourable Miss: a Story of an Old-fashioned Town. By L. T. Meade. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
3. Ardis Claverden. By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1890.
4. Miss Blake of Monkshalton. By Isabella O. Ford. London: John Murray. 1890.

One of the characters in "Lady Hazleton's Confession," Irma by name, compares on one occasion the difference between the feelings of male and female authors. She does so in the following sentence:—

"It is all very well for a man, the pleasures of writing may outweigh the pains with *him*, but for a woman the pains would not be connected with the making of a book—they would come afterwards—the self-distrust, the publicity, the fear of seeing one's name in print, the absolute trembling at the sight of a review—I have always been convinced that I should shake all over—and if the outside world condemned me, I should feel like a convicted felon—I should be absolutely discouraged—I should have a sense of shame—now your father is positively braced by all this."

These words, we are told, were spoken "with a mock sigh." There is something of mockery, too, about their punctuation and construction. If we are to understand from them that lady novelists are sensitive, and are hurt by unfavourable criticism, we are very sorry. Criticisms which had regard to the sex of an author, and were unjustly kind about any work because the author was a lady, would cease to have any value in the eyes of the public, or authors, or editors. We apologise, but we must speak plainly. The sentence which we have quoted was not spoken in delirium, or on a death-bed, or in any moment of deep emotion; it has no excuse for the torrent of dashes and the defiance of grammar. We cannot believe that Irma is made to speak thus in order to appear ridiculous; we have every reason to believe that the author considers Irma to be rather admirable. This is not the only fault in the book. The story is tedious and prolix; it does not contain sufficient material for three volumes. The construction is inartistic. The characters are false, crudely drawn, unlike life. The dialogue is the dialogue that never was, on sea or land. The author's style, like the bad monarchs in the child's history primer, is weak and ambitious. The utmost that can be said for the book is that, although the taste shown by it is often questionable, we do not think it is guilty of deliberately bad intention.

In "The Honourable Miss" we certainly think that Mrs. Meade is seen almost at her best. The scene of the story is an old-fashioned town, Northbury. The social life of Northbury is, on the whole, painted with force and humour; there is, however, a tendency at times to overdo the satire, to turn portraiture into caricature—comedy into farce. It is really a pity that the vulgarity of the vulgar people should be so much exaggerated; for there is every evidence here that Mrs. Meade can observe closely and accurately, and make excellent use of her observation. Much of her description is very amusing, and her satire is never spiteful: she depicts the envy, hatred, and malice of society in Northbury with perfect good-temper and geniality. The story itself is not wildly probable, nor remarkably original; we put up with the mysterious drug, the stolen document, and the wonderful coincidence, because we are used to them, and because Christmas is drawing near. The heroine is noticeable, however; she does not either marry, or die, or enter a sisterhood, or become an Agnostic; and yet she is a very interesting heroine. On the whole this is a pleasant book—much above the level of another work by the same author which we noticed a few weeks ago.

One is tempted to criticise "Ardis Claverden" at inordinate length, and with an unfair amount of quotation. Mr. Stockton's methods are so distinctly original that it is almost impossible to do them justice in the few words of praise or condemnation which one gives to an author who has followed, successfully or unsuccessfully, the beaten track. And, again, there are so many good things in the book, that a reviewer feels very much inclined to make some of them lend their attraction to his review. But there are so many of them. There are scraps of dialogue between Surrey and Prouter, an enthusiastic young Englishman, which would be very amusing to quote; the final device by which Mrs. Chiverley sold her husband's pictures is too good to omit; one scene between old Dr. Lester and the heroine is so pretty and pathetic that it could not be passed over; nor could one pass over many powerful and dramatic passages, notably one horrible chapter, the fiftieth. We shall quote nothing, because there is so much to quote, and consequently choice is difficult; and also because, as Mr. Stockton happens to be an artist, almost any quoted passage would lose something by being deprived of its context and position. But we may say a word or two of Mr. Stockton's methods. He has no contempt for the ordinary reader and the tastes of the ordinary reader. The ordinary reader wishes to laugh; Mr. Stockton can make him laugh. He wishes to shudder; he reads in "Ardis Claverden" of a fight in the darkness of a cavern with an unknown antagonist, and he reads that horrible fiftieth chapter. He likes that which is romantic, and he will find himself fully satisfied by the love-story of the heroine of this book. Mr. Stockton pleases the ordinary reader, but he will also please the most fastidious critic. Few novelists are better able to conceal their art; there is nothing forced, no sign of effort, in any page of "Ardis Claverden." Not only does Mr. Stockton avoid trite and conventional expressions, but he shows a fine audacity of his own; he is not afraid of the language in which he writes, or of the characters of his book. He knows both intimately; his treatment of both is bold and successful. The action of the characters never seems to be prompted or even limited by the requirements of the plot of the story. His people act naturally, and the result happens to be a very interesting book. Throughout the whole of it there is a charm which almost defies analysis, a power of subtle appreciation which the author's good feeling directs only upon what is beautiful and worthy, and which consequently never becomes morbid and displeasing. "Ardis Claverden" is an exceptionally good novel. No lover of fiction should fail to read it.

"Miss Blake of Monkshalton" is a short, simple story of little more than two hundred pages. It can hardly be said to have a plot. But it is good work. It is interesting and pathetic; as a study of character it is accurate, distinct, and forcible. It is the story of a girl brought up by her two aunts with a good deal of unkind kindness. Of these, the younger aunt is in sympathy with her niece, but in subjection to her strong-minded sister. The latter feeds her niece well, clothes her well, and has her well taught; at the same time she stifles all her inclinations towards freedom and joyousness; loves her, and yet fails to make her happy; finds fault continually, and always with the intention of doing her good, and binds her down with senseless rules and restrictions. At last the niece is driven to rebellion; and the result of the rebellion is the tragedy which closes the story.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

NOT before time, a new edition of Petit's "Architectural Studies in France" has appeared, with the fine illustrations of the cathedrals and more important churches, which helped to render the book popular when it was first published thirty-six years ago. There is truth in the assertion that a satisfactory account of mediæval architecture has yet to be written. Meanwhile, this scholarly and painstaking book appeals alike to the artist and the antiquary, and abounds in valuable information gathered by its author during his visits to upwards of three hundred French churches. The object which Mr. Petit set himself was to study chiefly, if not exclusively, the styles which preceded the development of Gothic architecture in the thirteenth century, and though his descriptions are at times somewhat meagre, the book is marked by judgment and ability. In spite, therefore, of all that has been written since 1854 on ecclesiastical art and architecture, the work is by no means obsolete, and in its present revised form we have no doubt that it will prove of service to a new generation of students.

The movement for granting certificates of efficiency to lads intended for commercial life has not as yet advanced very far, but its progress is certain to be accelerated, if handy and reliable manuals like "The Golden Gates of Trade" and "Map Studies of the Mercantile World" find their way at all readily into the hands of the interested classes. In the first of these volumes Dr. Yeats, Examiner in Commercial Geography and History to the Society of Arts, deals in a practical and lucid manner with a wide array of facts and statistics relating to trade and industry throughout the globe, and contrives to illustrate the central truths of political economy by an analysis and description of the chief branches; first, of our home industries, and then of the rest of the world. In the companion volume Dr. Yeats draws attention to the natural trade area of each nation in succession; points out its physical conditions and economic resources, and describes the nature of its mineral and other wealth and the centres of its industrial life. Both of these manuals are philosophic in conception and practical in method, and are, moreover, packed with skilfully arranged facts bearing directly on the elucidation of what Dr. Yeats justly terms the science of commerce.

"The Doyle Fairy Book" consists of about thirty quaint legends and stories, translated from various languages by Mr. Montalba, and as many full-page illustrations by that gentle satirist and graceful draughtsman who helped to keep *Punch* in touch with popular sympathies, as well as to render it lively, in the memorable years when Mark Lemon filled the editorial chair. Richard Doyle was the second son of that brilliant political caricaturist "H. B.," and it was under his father's training that he first won distinction as an artist. He was only nineteen when he joined the staff of *Punch*, and in its pages his humour and skill found ample scope. He was not less successful as a book-illustrator, and Thackeray and Dickens both availed themselves of his graceful pencil. Doyle always displayed great sympathy with children, and some of his best work was done for their entertainment. He seemed, indeed, quite at home in the society of elves and ogres, and lavished his fun and fancy in droll illustrations of their cunning and prowess. In this book, many characteristic examples of the art of "Dicky Doyle" will be found, and they show how completely the kindly humorist understood the frolicsome inhabitants of fairyland, and other "little people," who, all the world over, are fascinated by their revels.

The biography of "Joseph Sturge," by the late Henry Richard, M.P., if not a forgotten book is one which is inaccessible to many, and has, moreover, long been out of print. The sturdy consistency and large-hearted, but not indiscriminate, benevolence of the Quaker philanthropist of Birmingham, whose death in the spring of 1859 called forth from Whittier one of the most beautiful of his shorter poems, deserves to be remembered by the new generation. There was nothing limp or colourless about the Quakers of the school of Joseph Sturge. They had not merely convictions, but the courage of them, and in a sense which is not too common now, either within or without the "Society," they were valiant for what they regarded as the truth. For this reason, if for no other, Miss Peckover's brief sketch of one of the most revered members of her own communion deserves to be widely read. The little book is not written with conspicuous literary art, but the accent of sincerity runs through it, and the very simplicity of the record helps to throw into bold relief the enlightened and beneficent deeds of a man who believed that religion consisted quite as much in lifting up as in looking up.

"Electricity in the Service of Man" has made a new departure this week in the opening of the new City and South London Railway—the first electric railway in the United Kingdom. In a handsome and well-illustrated volume of nearly nine hundred pages, with the above title, four well-known experts have compiled a popular and practical treatise on the principles of electrical science, and the application of what may still be termed a new force to the needs of modern life. The authors of this valuable and suggestive compendium declare, with a pardonable touch of exaggeration, that nearly all the triumphs of science mentioned in Macaulay's eulogium of the philosophy of Bacon may be claimed for electricity. It certainly has "lighted up the night with the splendour of the day;" it has also "annihilated distance;" and it has likewise "facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, and all despatch of business;" and this book shows that it has invaded almost every field of human activity, and to a quite notable extent augmented the resources of civilisation. The book is written clearly from adequate knowledge, and with constant reference to practical affairs.

We have received a volume of "Ordination Addresses" by the late Bishop of Durham, and a new edition of "Three Counsels of the Divine Master" by Dr. Goulburn, formerly Dean of Norwich. In both of these books the same elevation of spirit, breadth of sympathy, and noble view of life prevails; indeed, Dr. Lightfoot's addresses *ad clerum*, and Dr. Goulburn's exposition of the duties and privileges of the spiritual life, are alike distinguished by winning persuasiveness, moral fervour, and a keen appreciation of the subtle perils which beset the religious life of to-day. Speaking broadly, the Bishop lays greatest stress on the necessity of making every department of contemporary thought, science, and art contribute to the work of the ministry, whilst the Dean, though not oblivious of the higher culture of the period, urges, with no less vigour and beauty of expression, the supreme need of replenishing the forces of the inner life—beset by the bustle and countless distractions of the world—by seasons of quiet meditation.

It is a far cry to the days of the Regency when James and Horace Smith took the town by storm at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1812, with their inimitable "Rejected Addresses." These clever parodies of Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, and other poets of the period, were scribbled off in six weeks, and ran into sixteen editions in the space of seven years. Byron was one of the first to recognise the merit of the audacious pasquinade, and Charles Mathews paid Horace Smith the compliment of saying that he was the only man in London who could write good nonsense. This dainty Aldine edition of the "Rejected Addresses" is edited by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has written a genial introduction and added some welcome notes. The little book is tastefully bound, as well as choicely printed, and has for frontispiece a characteristic portrait of the authors.

A new edition—the fourth by the way—of Miss Tytler's pleasant volume of descriptive sketches, "Footprints—Nature seen on its Human Side," has just reached us. The scope of the book is tolerably well indicated by its title, though that of course does not give any hint of the historical and literary allusions which are gracefully interwoven with these attractive transcripts from nature. Miss Tytler evidently believes with Quarles that he that "loves nature and can retire into a lonely nook for a purer enjoyment than the gayest society can afford him, has a fountain of restorative energy within himself such as no outward misfortune can wholly quench or disturb."

---

* ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES IN FRANCE. By the Rev. J. L. Petit, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. New edition. Revised by Edward Bell, M.A., F.S.A. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. Royal 8vo.

THE GOLDEN GATES OF TRADE WITH OUR HOME INDUSTRIES. By John Yeats, LL.D., F.G.S. Maps. London: George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

MAP STUDIES OF THE MERCANTILE WORLD. By John Yeats, LL.D., F.G.S. London: George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

THE DOYLE FAIRY BOOK. By Anthony R. Montalba. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. London: Dean & Son, 160a, Fleet Street, E.C. Crown 8vo.

LIFE OF JOSEPH STURGE. By Alexandrina Peckover. Portrait. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

ELECTRICITY IN THE SERVICE OF MAN. From the German of Dr. A. Ritter von Urbanitzky. Edited by R. Wormell, D.Sc., M.A., and revised by R. Mullineux Walmsley, D.Sc. Illustrated. Cassell & Co.: London, Paris & Melbourne. Royal 8vo. (9s.)

ORDINATION ADDRESSES AND COUNSELS TO CLERGY. By the late Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Macmillan & Co.: London & New York. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

THREE COUNSELS OF THE DIVINE MASTER. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. Second Edition. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo. (12s.)

REJECTED ADDRESSES. By Horace and James Smith. Edited by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. Aldine Edition. London: Pickering & Chatto. 12mo.

FOOTPRINTS—NATURE SEEN ON ITS HUMAN SIDE. By Sarah Tytler. Illustrated. Fourth edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo.

NOTICE.

—o—

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and Advertisements to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than THURSDAY morning.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the Guildhall on Monday night contained less controversial matter than is usual in such speeches. Perhaps its most striking feature was the extent to which it left out of sight the burning questions of the day. MR. GLADSTONE had a few days before addressed a direct challenge to the Prime Minister. He had enforced that challenge by a quotation from LORD SALISBURY'S own words. But there was no response to the challenge, no attempt to show that plain language had one meaning in 1885 and another in 1890. LORD SALISBURY, with his usual cynicism, is quite content to be convicted of inconsistency, so long as he is not called upon to retire from office. The most striking feature in his speech was his remarkable allusion to the science of political meteorology. He really seems to think that because the BOULANGER bubble burst at the General Election in France, the Liberal hopes are destined to perish when an appeal to the electors of England is next made. But why should he muddle his illustrations by referring to the Republican defeats in the United States and the overthrow of M. TRICOUPIS in Athens? In both of these cases it is the Ministry of the day which has been beaten, and though that is the result which everybody knows will follow the coming General Election, there was really no reason why LORD SALISBURY should have gone out of his way in order to drive the fact home to the minds of his faithful but already sufficiently dispirited followers.

WHY do not the excellent but misguided people who charge the Liberals with promoting Separatism take to heart LORD SALISBURY'S words as to the importance of the pig in the politics of Eastern Europe? Austria is powerful in Servian matters because Austria is the great market for Servian pork. When Ireland is a self-governing country of small proprietors, why—granting to the alarmed Unionist that the worst comes to the worst—should not England control her through the provision market? A duty on Irish provisions—allowing for a moment that an Irish Minister was so insane as to become Secessionist, or even Protectionist—would have its due effect on Irish opinion, and, with other sources of supply open, would inflict no great loss on Great Britain. It would be, no doubt, a very objectionable expedient. But it would be a good deal better, and probably more effectual, than the civil war contemplated by some Unionist prophets.

THE usual "COLSTON Day" banquets have been held at Bristol, and the inevitable speeches made. SIR CHARLES RUSSELL was the Liberal orator for the year, and he devoted himself largely to the Irish Land Question and the prospects of MR. BALFOUR'S Bill. It cannot be said that the prospects of that Bill are improving as the time for its re-appearance on the Parliamentary stage approaches. That it must be modified in many very material particulars, if it is to meet with the support of any section of the Liberals, is certain. But every modification which is likely to satisfy its Liberal critics can only increase the dissatisfaction of the Irish landlords. MR. BALFOUR may meet with some unexpected bit of good luck; but according to present appearances he has a stormy and disastrous session before him, and the fate of his measure is still most uncertain.

THE new Greek Ministry has taken office, and M. DELYANNIS has repeated his pacific assurances. Greece will bleed to death rather than break faith with her creditors. Expenditure is to be reduced; the intervention of Europe is to be invoked to restore the privileges withdrawn from the Cretans; and the various branches of the Greek Church are to be united in support of the Greek Patriarch against the Porte. The Royal Speech at the opening of the Chamber announces that it is proposed to develop municipal institutions—an excellent vent for some of the surplus political energy on which critics unfavourable to Greece insist—and to substitute the old system of single-member districts for the present election by *scrutin de liste*—which is rather ungrateful to *scrutin de liste*, considering that it is to it that the completeness of M. TRICOUPIS' defeat is due. The new Ministers seem mostly to have had little experience in politics, and all except the Premier are new to office. M. KARAPANOS, however, the new Minister of Finance, is a banker—and bankers, as students of Positivism will recollect, were to be the sole temporal rulers of the ideal States of AUGUSTE COMTE.

NOT long ago England was usually supplied with Swiss news thus:—The *Times* kept a correspondent at Geneva, who extracted items from the leading Berne paper and forwarded them to Paris. They were then telegraphed on (by special wire) whenever it was convenient, so that they arrived in London by telegraph some days after their original source had arrived by post. But things are not much better now. REUTER the other day forwarded an item from Berne which had been in print for at least a month in an official report to the Federal Assembly, together with an emphatic contradiction, which the telegraph did not transmit. On Wednesday it was announced from Geneva that the Conservatives had triumphed in the elections to the Grand Council—that is, of the canton. But except that the telegram came from Geneva, and that the Federal elections were over last week, it might have referred—from its wording—to the latter: and the *Pall Mall Gazette* fell into the trap.

AGAIN: the *Daily News* of Thursday announced a report at Geneva that the Ticino Conciliation Conference having failed, a Federal prefect is to reside at Bellinzona till a constitution is adopted more in harmony with modern ideas. Now, though the Bernese Radicals are anxious to force a scheme of electoral reform on the canton, and though the *second* Conciliation Conference has failed through the withdrawal of the Liberal members, a *third* was to meet on the very day on which this telegram was published. And as, apparently, Swiss papers are not on sale in London, there is some difficulty in checking what one reads.

WE print elsewhere an article from the pen of one of the most experienced of African travellers on the painful question which has to so large an extent absorbed public attention during the present week. The revelations made by MR. STANLEY in the *Times* a week ago, regarding the conduct of MAJOR BARTTELOT and MR. JAMESON in the camp at

Yambuya, were so horrible in themselves that they were naturally received with general incredulity. BARTTELOT was accused of having been guilty of acts of the most shocking cruelty—acts which had resulted in the deaths of more than one person—whilst against JAMESON a still more terrible charge was brought, to the effect that he purchased a slave girl and gave her to a party of cannibals, in order that he might be an actual eye-witness of a cannibal feast with all its attendant horrors.

WE cannot say that the evidence which has since been forthcoming in support of MR. STANLEY'S statement can be accepted as absolutely confirmatory of t. But, on the other hand, we sorrowfully admit that it is no longer possible to reject his accusations on the ground that they are too horrible to be true. Evidence there undoubtedly is—evidence which has convinced STANLEY, who was himself in the first instance incredulous—and which, now that it has been fully set forth, seems to establish this hideous story. No one can be surprised at the wave of horror which has passed over the public mind during the week.

ON Monday last the Mayors were elected throughout the provinces, and on that day the new Lord Mayor of London entered into his kingdom for the year of his mayoralty, the occasion being celebrated with even more than the usual pomp and circumstance. The result was that throughout a great part of the greatest city in the world, traffic and business were absolutely disorganised, and orgies of blackguardism and rowdyism prevailed unchecked for several hours. We see that some of the newspapers speak of the "good-nature" of the crowd. Good-natured enough it was, so long as it was permitted to smash every tall hat, to hustle rudely every well-dressed person, and to fill the ears of decent women with coarse jibes and jests. The condition of Fleet Street was disgraceful both to the authorities and to the mob, and another excellent argument for the abolition of Lord Mayor's Day was furnished to the reformers.

THE report of the Special Committee on Contracts of the London County Council ought to satisfy the public as well as the Trades Unions. The Committee find there is no evidence that work has been scamped either for the London County Council or the Metropolitan Board of Works—which is satisfactory, in view of the School Board scandals and the new Law Courts—but they recommend that trained specialists shall be appointed as clerks of works. They suggest that the Unions should submit the scale of wages they consider fair, but remind them that the Council now exacts a declaration from every contractor that he pays the usual trade wages, and has a very stringent clause in all contracts to check sub-contracting and bribery of officials. They draft a new clause to cover and define necessary cases of sub-contracting, and promise that though cost of carriage precludes confining the work to London firms, and cost of plant and the occurrence of emergencies preclude dispensing with the middleman altogether, work in its nature continuous shall be done by men in the direct employ of the Council.

FOR obvious reasons wages cannot be fixed by law, but it is generally admitted—even by all but the most bigoted individualists—that the business of a Government is to set a good example; and in obtaining a scale of fair wages, and proposing to endorse it, the Council has, at least, begun to do this. The promise about a permanent staff for recurrent work, too, takes Londoners a long way towards that municipalisation of labour which is now desired by most Liberals as one element in municipal reform.

THE loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, close to Cape Finisterre, in a gale on Monday last, is an event as inexplicable as it is terrible. Only three seamen have survived out of a crew of 180, and it will be some time before we can really ascertain the cause of this most melancholy and mysterious disaster. Just twenty years ago, H.M.S. *Captain* went down with nearly all her crew, very near to the spot where the *Serpent* has now been lost. But in the case of the *Captain*, the cause of the wreck was from the first only too clearly apparent. The disaster had, in fact, been predicted long before the vessel put out to sea. Her construction was fatally at fault, and when she "turned turtle" in a gale in the Bay of Biscay, that happened which men of science had from the first foreseen. But the case of the *Serpent* is altogether different. Here no fault of design or construction can be alleged, and it is difficult to understand how a fine new ship, well manned and well found, with highly trained officers, can have been lost in this fashion little more than two days after leaving an English port.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Friday of last week suddenly, and out of their usual course, raised their rate of discount to 6 per cent., because of an order for £300,000 in gold for the Bank of Spain having been given. The advance in the rate caused the order to be cancelled. But the Directors of the Bank of England became convinced that the situation was such that it was necessary to increase their Reserve. With the assistance, therefore, of some of the principal financial houses, they made arrangements with the Bank of France for a loan of two millions sterling in gold. They are also to get one and a half millions sterling from Russia, and the National Bank of Brazil is bringing £600,000 in gold from Rio. If the Directors can keep what they are now getting, the danger of a 7 per cent. rate is averted. For this it will be necessary to keep up rates here. The New York money market is passing through a crisis; banks are being saved from failure by the help of the other banks, and borrowers have to pay nearly cent. per cent. for advances. At any moment then there may be a strong demand for gold for New York, and other demands will probably arise. Much watchfulness, therefore, on the part of the Bank of England is requisite, and great caution on the part of the other banks and the bill-brokers and discount houses. In spite of the crisis in New York, and the great uneasiness here, the price of silver rose on Monday to 47½d. per ounce, and has since declined only to 47⅜d. per ounce. But the market is very uncertain, for at any moment speculators in New York may be compelled to sell very largely.

THE announcement that gold was coming in such large amounts smoothed the way for the Fortnightly Settlement which began on Tuesday. The announcement was made at the most opportune time, leading to a sharp advance in prices, and thereby lessening materially the differences speculators would have had to pay. In spite of the failures in New York, and the great fall that took place there on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, prices were advanced here on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; and up to the early afternoon on Thursday, only one failure on the Stock Exchange was announced. The Paris Bourse continues very confident. Many operators there profess to believe that we shall see very soon a sharp rise in everything dealt in upon the Paris Bourse, and certainly they have been buying largely this week. But in Berlin there is much weakness, and difficulties there may prevent the Paris operators from carrying out their plans. The combination of banks and financial houses in New York, it is hoped, will gradually restore confidence there, and here in London everything is being done by the leading financiers to assist those who are in difficulties, and to restore confidence to the markets.

ON THE WRONG TACK.

WE are not among those persons who believe that the Liberal party is about to be broken up on such a question as the Eight Hours Bill for miners. That measure ought to have a fair field, and so far as THE SPEAKER is concerned, we have done our best to provide it with one in these columns. Admitting, as we do, that mining work is of an exceptional kind, and may be placed under exceptional regulations, we have made no complaint of those who have adopted the proposal that the law should step in to limit the working day in collieries to eight hours. We have gone further; we have done our best to make our readers acquainted with the arguments in favour of this proposal as they are set forth by the ablest and keenest of its supporters. The limitation of hours in the coal trade is pre-eminently a matter for fair and patient discussion, for a careful investigation of the facts in all their bearings, and above all for a distinct expression of opinion from all concerned in mining—not excluding the colliery proprietors themselves.

But whilst we have small patience with those who would prevent this discussion and enquiry—as though no case for either could possibly be alleged—we have still less patience with those who, in their eager advocacy of a revolutionary change, resort to threats and to brow-beating in order to silence their antagonists. It is no secret that some of our social reformers believe the use of these weapons to be legitimate and even necessary. They are themselves Liberals in politics, and are naturally anxious for the success in a general way of the Liberal cause; but they think that they are justified in threatening to inflict grievous injury upon that cause, unless the Liberal party as a whole will forthwith adopt their views upon particular economic questions, like this of the Eight Hours Bill for miners. We do not for a moment dispute their right to take this course. It has often been taken in past times by other sections of the Liberal party in order to force special questions prematurely upon the nation; and though the invariable result of such action has been, not so much to damage Liberalism as to retard the very movement on behalf of which this kind of pressure has been used, we suppose it will often be taken again by men who are more zealous in advocacy of their own theories than heedful of the teachings of experience. If, therefore, the advocates of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill were by some conceivable or inconceivable exercise of their influence to break up the Liberal party on the eve of the impending General Election, and as a consequence to seat a Tory Government in power for another six or seven years (thereby very effectually driving the Eight Hours Question into the remote future), we should not think that we were entitled to make any complaint of the conduct of men who had undoubtedly exercised their rights as citizens in a free country.

But it is a very different matter when the advocates of a particular Bill concentrate their attention upon a single man among its opponents, and seek by cold-blooded misrepresentation and hot-blooded abuse to bully him into a withdrawal from a position conscientiously taken up. This is the manner in which certain persons are now trying to convert Mr. Morley to the support of the Eight Hours Bill for miners. Mr. Benjamin Pickard's speech at Lofthouse on Saturday last was of such a character that we feel somewhat loth to define it very exactly. Seeing that he himself is a Liberal, it must be admitted that the language he used regarding one of the Liberal leaders was not very happily chosen. On the previous day, Mr. Morley, speaking at Scarborough, had expressed in language at once clear, temperate, and moderate his own reasons for doubting whether an Eight Hours Bill would be quite the boon to miners which its advocates imagine it will be. He even ventured to put one or two questions regarding the provisions of the Bill which its supporters seem to have a strange difficulty in answering. But in all that he said there was nothing which could give just offence to anybody, not a word which suggested that he was not, like the rest of the world, open to conviction by sound argument. Yet this speech Mr. Pickard was pleased to treat as though it were a personal affront to himself and to the miners of Great Britain. Mr. Morley, it appears, has offered a "gratuitous insult" to Mr. Pickard by venturing to say anything at all about the Eight Hours Question which was not a mere echo of Mr. Pickard's own opinions, and accordingly he is rebuked in a lofty tone by the man whose Liberalism is so "robust" that he cannot allow free speech on any question in which he feels a personal interest. We are not inclined to gratify Mr. Pickard by devoting special attention to his silly and angry speeches. We should not have noticed his utterances during the past week at all, indeed, if it were not for the fact that he has merely repeated in a foolish and offensive form arguments which men of greater influence and wider knowledge of the world seem inclined to import into the controversy. It is necessary, however, that those gentlemen who think that they can advance great social reforms by the rude process of browbeating any political allies of their own who do not happen to agree with them, should be told that they are taking the worst possible course for the purpose of securing their own ends. That here and there they might inflict some damage upon the Liberal party by adopting the tactics which find favour with men like Mr. Pickard may be perfectly true. That they have the power of preventing a Liberal victory at the next General Election we do not for a moment admit. But unquestionably they can bring the movement on behalf of an Eight Hours Bill to a premature end, by persisting in forcing it upon the country in such a manner as to rouse to activity the latent antagonism to change which lurks in the breasts of most men. By all means let us discuss the Eight Hours Question; by all means let Liberals, at all events, discuss it with an eye to the interests of the community as a whole; by all means let us lay aside old-fashioned prejudices and seriously consider whether a change of this kind is possible, what it means, what it involves, and of what use it will be to the working population. The great majority of Liberal politicians—not excluding Mr. Morley—will re-echo these sentiments. But if, the moment a difficult question is asked, or an argument suggested which tells against the proposal to limit the hours of labour by law, rude abuse is to be hurled at the head of the offender, there will soon be an end not only of the discussion but even of the advocacy of an Eight Hours Bill. It is quite as much because we think that these tactics may stay for years useful and much-needed social reforms, as because we think that the winning of no reform is worth the loss of the right of free speech, that we must utter an emphatic protest against the attempt to stifle Liberal opposition to the Eight Hours Bill by a resort to moral coercion of a peculiarly obnoxious kind. We do not for a moment dispute the honesty of those who believe that in the limitation of the hours of labour by the law is to be found a panacea for our social evils; but there is just as much honesty on the part of those who hold the opposite

opinion—and it has yet to be proved that they and not their opponents are in the wrong.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the Guildhall on Monday was a curious one to fall from the lips of a Prime Minister almost on the eve of a winter Session of Parliament convened under extraordinary circumstances for important political purposes. When we spoke last week of the manifest depression of the Ministerialists, we hardly imagined that the Prime Minister himself would make a speech on Lord Mayor's Day which, instead of cheering a desponding party, would add materially to their discouragement. Yet this is what Lord Salisbury has done. And curiously enough, he has accomplished this end quite as much by what he has omitted to say as by what he has said. Everybody knows that the burning question of the day is Ireland; yet Lord Salisbury left Ireland absolutely alone. He failed even to drag into his remarks his usual complimentary reference to his nephew. This was hard upon Mr. Balfour, but still harder upon those supporters of the Government who went to the Guildhall to gain if possible a little comfort under circumstances of a distinctly depressing character. To survey the general state of Europe was, of course, a right and proper thing for a Foreign Minister to do on such an occasion; but something more was demanded of a Prime Minister. Yet the only domestic question on which Lord Salisbury touched was the Eight Hours Bill, and even on that he had nothing new to say. We can only account for the speech by the assumption that Lord Salisbury shares to the full the depression of his party; that, like the majority of his followers, he knows that public opinion throughout the country has pronounced against him and his policy, and that he is prepared to see himself removed from power whenever the nation has an opportunity of pronouncing a decisive verdict upon his management of its affairs.

This being the case, we need hardly trouble ourselves with any detailed examination of his words. It is far more to the purpose to look at one or two of the salient features of the political situation as it presents itself at present; and to begin with, we must notice the recent trip of Mr. Balfour through one or two of the poverty-stricken parts of Ireland. Some of our Irish contemporaries, we see, are angry with Mr. Balfour because he has for a moment abandoned the part of absentee-dictator which he has played so long, and has actually ventured to see something for himself of the country he is supposed to govern. This is an error of judgment on their part. For ourselves we hail Mr. Balfour's recent action with unaffected pleasure. It is, to say the least, a sign of grace on his part. It shows that the absurdity of the prancing and the posturing on the Newcastle platform has struck even the Chief Secretary himself, and that, regardless of what he thinks is his "dignity," he has at last—though far too late—made up his mind that no man can administer the affairs of Ireland unless he has some personal knowledge of them. We are glad that he has taken this course; because we cannot doubt that the knowledge he has gained during his fortnight's tour, slight and superficial as it must have been, will still help to keep him and his party straight in the debates which are about to begin in the House of Commons. The Irish members will still be the chief authorities on the condition of Ireland; but they will no longer have an absolute monopoly of personal knowledge, as they have had hitherto during Mr. Balfour's Secretaryship. All this makes for good; for the more clearly the real condition of Ireland is impressed upon everybody, including the Chief Secretary himself, the more closely shall we approach to the great consummation to which the nation now looks forward with longing eyes. Nor are we either surprised or sorry that Mr. Balfour has been received with civility, even with cordiality, in most of the places he has visited. Here again the knowledge he is at length tardily gaining of the people whom he has been mismanaging for the past four years, can only have a good influence. He has made what is to him, doubtless, the astounding discovery that even Irish agitators are not only human beings, but are not even the mere Hottentots to whom Lord Salisbury, in one of his most evil moments, once likened them. He has found that the "rebels" whom he has been harrying, persecuting, and imprisoning on every possible pretext, are so far like himself that they can occasionally forget political differences in order to serve the substantial interests of their class and their country. He has discovered that it is not through any natural malignity on their part, but simply through his own method of making his personality felt by them, that he has hitherto been regarded with unconcealed hatred and contempt by the majority of the Irish people. Upon the whole he ought to feel a certain sense of shame when he recalls the manner in which he has been received in Ireland during the past fortnight, and reflects upon the fact that it is absolutely his own fault that he has not been received in the same manner at any time during the last four years.

But neither he nor his uncle can labour under the delusion that the forbearing good-humour with which he has been regarded during his recent tour betokens any relaxation, however slight, in the demand of the Irish people for Home Rule. That demand is absolutely independent of any particular personality. It would continue to be set forth, for example, with undiminished resolution, even if Mr. Parnell himself were to be removed from the political arena. It will certainly not be modified by so much as a hair's-breadth by anything which has happened during Mr. Balfour's belated attempt to learn something of Ireland outside the walls of Dublin Castle. Lord Salisbury might just as well imagine that by ignoring Ireland in the speech at the Guildhall he was giving the country the best assurance that no Irish Question existed. Neither silence on the part of the Prime Minister, nor the chance experiences of the Irish Secretary during the past fortnight, can hide the fact that the great struggle for freedom in which the Irish people have been engaged so long, and in which for the past five years they have had the unselfish support of the Liberals of Great Britain, is now approaching its critical moment—the moment which, according to all the portents of the hour, will witness its triumphant issue.

THE COUNTY COUNCILS AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE English County Councils held their annual meetings on the Friday of last week. The occasion was of considerable importance, partly because the present Councils were entering upon the last year of their existence, and must be already thinking of the time when they will be called upon to render an account—it will in most cases be a very meagre account—of their stewardship to their

constituents. But the chief interest attaching to the meetings was that they were in many instances the first held since the passage of the Local Taxation Act. Many of the Councils imitate with great success the leisurely habits and the love of an exceedingly long vacation which distinguished their predecessors—and in almost every case the question was raised as to the disposal of the large windfall which the failure of Mr. Goschen's scheme for rewarding brewers for their services to humanity had brought into the county treasuries. It may be convenient to recall the figures. Under Mr. Goschen's original scheme, an estimated balance of £393,000 out of the produce of the increased tax on spirits and beer was to go to the general reinforcement of local finance, and to this balance was added the sum of £350,000 by the abandonment of the licensing clauses. Neither of these two sums was allocated to any specific purpose; the Councils may put both to what use they please. But before the eventful career of the Bill in Committee was closed, Mr. Acland succeeded in introducing a clause giving the Councils power to apply the money to the purposes of the Technical Education Act of last year. The clause is a permission only, and not an instruction, as it ought to have been—so far, at least, as the £350,000 was concerned; but looking to the form of the clause, and the tone of the debate which secured its introduction without a dissenting voice, the County Councils may take it that the clause represents the advice and desire of Parliament for the allocation of the new grant in aid. We need scarcely express our strong hope that the advice so given may be faithfully followed, and we have scanned such reports of the meetings last week as have passed through our hands, in the endeavour to discern the extent to which our desire was likely to be fulfilled.

Little has as yet been done, but on the whole the prospect is not discouraging. So far as we have seen, no Council has yet had the courage to apply the new revenue in relief of the rates, although in some cases the evidently preparatory step has been taken of referring the subject to the General Purposes Committee instead of to a special Committee with instructions to prepare a scheme. This is a capital question upon which to sort out the Progressive Councils from the Councils which are merely the old Courts of Quarter Sessions under another title, and which still adhere to the old policy of economy at any price. But we should conjecture, from the reports we have seen, that the majority of the Councils have already decided to spend some part of the new grant upon technical education, and some of them seem to be bent upon devoting the whole sum to the purpose. The chief difficulty seems to be to know exactly how to go about the work. Some of the Councils, before the Local Taxation Act was passed, had made some effort to work the Technical Education Act, and these of course are ready with schemes. We notice that Mr. Acland himself is in command in Carnarvonshire, and has induced the Council to spend the whole grant upon the erection of eight schools for technical and intermediate education. But the case of Salop, where there has always been great interest in technical education in agriculture, is the more instructive, as of course in Carnarvonshire the Intermediate Education Act already supplied obvious opportunities for the employment of the new grant. At the Shropshire County Council a very long report upon the subject was presented and adopted. The committee is not yet ready with a plan, but it has exhaustively examined the machinery now existing in the county through which technical education could be given. The Council will probably find it expedient to establish one or two schools of its own, and it has already decided to appoint two travelling instructors—one in agriculture, and the other in science and art. But even in Shropshire there is a marked disposition, which is indeed apparent everywhere, to wait for a good example and to profit by the wisdom of other counties. The impression which the various reports have made upon us is that there is a general disposition to take the advice of Parliament and spend the money on technical education, but that there is also general hesitation and timidity. If the Councils are not quickly given a strong lead, the healthy impulse may die away, and the fund may turn out to have been only rescued from the publicans in order to fall into the pockets of the large ratepayers. The National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education proposes to hold a conference in London next month, under the presidency of Lord Hartington, to which the Councils will be asked to send representatives, and at which they will be able to state their difficulties. That is a very happy thought, and, indeed, we are very strongly of opinion that if anything like a full use is to be made of this magnificent opportunity for getting technical instruction permanently established in our system of education, such a Conference is essential, and might with great advantage have been held at an earlier date.

For the time is getting dangerously short. Upon not a few of the Councils the uncertainty which exists as to the renewal of the grant has been made the excuse for hesitation, and the economists have used it as a plea for entire inaction. Of course the grant is for the year only, and the Councils will be exceedingly foolish if they act upon the assumption that it is permanent. But in most counties the grant is sufficient for the initial expenses of establishing a scheme of technical instruction, and Parliament will be always willing to bear its full share of the annual cost of a system for the adoption of which it will have been mainly responsible. But the amount of State aid in the future clearly depends upon the extent to which the Councils now avail themselves of their opportunities. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the Councils have in their hands the decision as to the future of technical education in England—that is to say, whether there is to be a national system, or only a few scattered institutions in the more progressive of our great towns. There is no need at this time to insist upon the value of technical education. It might be the salvation of English agriculture; and if it be much longer neglected, the time may come when it will be essential to the salvation of English trade. We earnestly trust that the Councils will rise to the height of their great opportunity. An accident has given them the power of supplying the supreme educational deficiency of the country, and it will be nothing short of a disaster to themselves and the nation if they fail to exert that power to the utmost.

THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

THE important argument in the Castioni case, which has been heard in the Law Courts this week, raises again the constitutional question of the nature and limits of the right of asylum, which has before now deeply stirred public feeling in this country. We shall not here stop to consider whether or not Castioni's offence was, in the words of the Extradition Treaty with Switzerland, "one of a political character," or what exact significance those words may bear. That is a question for judges and not for journals to decide, and there can be no doubt, we imagine, that the judges have decided it rightly.

But on the general character of the protection which in this case was claimed by the accused, on its bearing upon international custom, and on its value to the cause of freedom, even politicians may legitimately have their say.

It is curious to notice how completely the principle of distinction between private and political crimes has in recent times commanded recognition. It is now an accepted feature of every extradition treaty. It was relied on as an unassailable doctrine by our Foreign Secretary nearly forty years ago. It was stated a little later by no less an authority than Lord Palmerston, in these emphatic terms: "We never have had a law pointed against aliens, as directed to the protection of foreign countries." "Any foreigner, whatever may be his nation, whatever his political creed, whatever his political offences against his own Government, may . . . find in these realms a safe and secure asylum as long as he obeys the law." And yet, clear as the distinction is to-day, it is at least uncertain what its origin and antiquity may be. Kings and kingdoms long ago had little consideration for one another's welfare, and too much consideration for one another's enemies and rogues. "It is holden," says Coke, the astute old jurist, who, with all his shortcomings, served law and freedom well under princes who strained the one and scorned the other—"It is holden, and so it hath been resolved, that divided kingdoms under several kings, in league one with another, are sanctuaries for servants or subjects flying for safety from one kingdom to another; and upon demand made by them, are not, by the laws and liberties of kingdoms, to be delivered." So far from according to political offenders protection denied to ordinary criminals, the object of ancient treaties, made in days when ordinary criminals were easy to capture, and only notable offenders had the means of escape, seems to have been rather to secure the surrender of political criminals alone. In the dawn of the fourteenth century, the Kings of France and England agreed that neither sovereign should grant protection to the enemies of the other. Much later, Charles II. claimed from Denmark the surrender of offenders concerned in his father's death, because of the political nature of their crime. And later still, on similar grounds, his foolish brother and successor asked the Dutch States to surrender the garrulous but excellent Scotch cleric whom the Revolution made a bishop, and Macaulay made a butt, although the Dutch States, anticipating modern notions, courageously refused to hand Burnet over to be chastised for his political views. The distinction between political and ordinary offenders is not by any means of ancient origin, but seems to have grown up in purely modern times.

Side by side, however, with this modern idea, that States should not combine to punish political offences, there has grown up another idea which is not less salutary, and which, in rendering cordial international relations, is even more essential—the idea that States ought to combine as far as possible to punish one another's ordinary criminals, and to help each other in detecting crime. If the duty of offering a sanctuary to those whose political views has exposed them to punishment at home, be a clear and an important one, the duty of promoting between different States reciprocity in good feeling and in morals, the obligation of international comity of so far relaxing national aloofness as to encourage the association and the common interests of nations, is, on the other side, fully as important and as clear. The feeling that foreign offenders should be given up to the country whose laws they have violated has grown stronger in England side by side with the conviction that in political matters the rule does not apply. Sometimes, as is almost inevitable, the two principles come very near to conflict, and in certain cases it is not easy to say which ought to prevail. We have permitted London to be the meeting-place and headquarters of political plotters of every cast, of Polish revolutionists, of Greek and Hungarian rebels, of Italian patriots, of French exiles, of Spanish malcontents, at the very time when we have been doing our utmost to multiply our extradition treaties. As French military loyalty once phrased it in an excess of national emotion, we have held ourselves out as "the land of impurity, which contains the haunts of the monsters who are sheltered by its laws." Up to the present time no steps have been taken to limit to any degree whatever the protection which we extend to political offenders; and yet it is difficult to say that no case can arise in which we might feel bound to give the offender up. If Orsini himself had escaped to London, should we, in spite of our anti-French feeling, have protected him thirty-two years ago? Or should we have refused to surrender the murderers of the late Czar? Possibly in this direction we may impose some limitations in the future. Possibly, as a Royal Commission of very eminent lawyers suggested in 1877, we may restrict the protection which we afford to political offences committed during a civil war or during the progress of an insurrection. But whether or not any modification of that kind be found in the future to be desirable, the existence of an asylum in England for political offenders is a fact which we shall not lightly allow to be gainsaid. Toleration of political opinions is not yet so universal that the world can afford to do without the sanctuary which this country offers to political refugees. The duty of sheltering political unfortunates from the punishments which attend upon ordinary crime stands above all obligations of international comity. There is not yet so much liberty in the world that, in the words of a Radical of a bygone day, we can afford in this respect "to do anything to circumscribe the liberty of England."

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

ON Monday afternoon it seemed as if a panic on the Stock Exchange was imminent. For a considerable time past, South American securities have been greatly depreciated, so much so as in many cases to be almost unsaleable, and for a couple of months there has been a ruinously heavy fall in American railroad securities. The fall became more pronounced than ever on Friday, Saturday, and Monday. On Tuesday, the fortnightly settlement began, and people asked one another anxiously would operators who had lost so heavily be able to pay their differences, and if many could not, what would be the consequences? Then, again, the Reserve of the Bank of England was exceedingly low. Money was scarce and dear, and there was some apprehension lest all the accommodation required might not be easily obtained. Tuesday morning opened even more gloomily, for there had been a serious scare in New York, threatening worse consequences. But suddenly there was an almost dramatic change. The broker of the Bank of England semi-officially announced that a large amount of gold would immediately be sent in to the Bank of England. Brokers and jobbers jumped to the conclusion that the difficulties were at an end. Speculators eagerly bought back the securities they had sold without possessing them, and there was a rapid rise of from 2 to 5 in the course of the day.

Even the panic that occurred in New York on Tuesday did not change the temper of Capel Court. Although three banks were in difficulties in New York, and there had been several failures there and in Philadelphia, with the result that the Clearing House had to issue certificates to enable the embarrassed banks to avoid liquidation, the market here took a favourable view of the situation, and prices were put up on Wednesday four or five dollars above the closing prices in New York. There was somewhat of a decline during the last hour of business, caused by a heavy sale of consols, and a revival of apprehension, but still at the close there was a decided gain for the day. And a further advance took place on Thursday morning.

The gold, the announcement of whose coming effected so marvellous a change, turns out to be very large in amount. Two millions sterling are to be received from the Bank of France, which heretofore has put obstacles in the way of withdrawals, 1½ millions from Russia, and £600,000 from Rio de Janeiro, in all somewhat over four millions sterling. The addition of so large a sum to the Reserve of the Bank of England undoubtedly is calculated to impress the imagination. People argue that the danger of a 7 per cent. rate is now at an end, that before long the Bank will be able to lower its rate to 5 per cent., and that ease for months to come is assured. That depends, however, upon whether the gold when it is received will be retained here. New York is in the midst of a very serious crisis. Three banks have been saved from failure by an arrangement which, so far as they are concerned, is little short of suspension of payments. The reserves of all the Associated Banks are below the legal minimum, and the rates charged borrowers are exorbitant. On Monday and Tuesday ¼ per cent. commission per day, with 6 per cent. interest, was charged, being at the rate of very nearly 100 per cent. per annum. It is evident that gold will be imported from Europe if it can be done advantageously. The Secretary of the Treasury no doubt may supply the market with the funds it requires, but he does not seem inclined to do so, and if he does not, efforts will be made to take gold from Europe. If, then, the rates of interest and discount fall very much here, gold is likely to go to New York, and there is a demand for it likewise in Germany, Spain, Portugal, South America, Egypt, and India. Rates can be kept up only by energetic action on the part of the Bank of England, and by a combination amongst the leading bankers to which we are quite unaccustomed. Usually, a great addition to the Bank's Reserve leads to speculation both in the Money and in the Stock Markets. Such a speculation now, however, would be most unfortunate. In the first place, it would lower rates so much that gold would begin to be exported; then alarm would spring up, and if that were to happen it would be extremely difficult to prevent a crisis, for millions cannot very often be imported from abroad. It is to be hoped, then, that great caution will be exercised.

As regards the immediate future of the markets, it will depend largely upon the course of events in New York. The fall in American Railroad Securities since the end of May has been from about 10 to 40 per cent. After such a fall it is reasonable to look for a period of quiet, if not of recovery—provided there are not further serious failures. More banking difficulties in New York, or other great American cities, would of course continue the crisis, and lead to another break in the market. But if there are not other failures, the forced sales are probably nearly at an end. At the same time it would be rash to expect much recovery until the Argentine finances have been restored to some kind of order. The National Government has given too many guarantees; several provinces are unable to fulfil their obligations to their creditors, and the National Mortgage Bank and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres are not in a position to pay the interest on the Cedulas. But the holders of Argentine Securities of all kinds in this country are very numerous. In some cases, the mass of those Securities held is enormous. While, therefore, the difficulties of the Republic remain, apprehension will continue; for nobody can foresee who may be embarrassed by any accident that may occur. A representative of the Government is here at present, trying to arrange with the principal financial houses a settlement that will include not only the National, but also the provincial and the Cedula, liabilities. If the attempt is successful, and there is a reasonable guarantee given that it will be carried out in good faith, confidence will gradually return, credit will revive, and depreciated stocks will improve in value. If the attempt fails, uneasiness will deepen. There are no doubt very inconvenient lock-ups of capital, and there has been reckless speculation in various directions; but, after all, these embarrassments are insignificant compared with the Argentine difficulty. That it is which weighs upon markets and makes the city listen credulously to the alarmist rumours that circulate from time to time, attacking the credit of houses of the very highest standing.

WHAT AN EXECUTIVE CAN DO.

SIR WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH enriched our language the other day by inventing the word "slippage" as applied to the present Unionist majority. The process of "slippage" goes steadily on, and yet the Tories seem completely indifferent to the sure overthrow which it presages. "My dear man," says the typical Tory friend, "get your majority of two hundred by all means. It makes no difference to us. We'll talk away at your Irish Bill for six months, and then the Lords will kick it out in six hours. On that, you'll go to the country of course. The Old Man is too kindly and too good a subject to disturb the luncheon party at Osborne by demanding leave to create peers. Your "labour" friends will be sick of you at the second election because you are so lily-livered. You'll come back weakened. We'll throw out your Bill again. You'll appeal to the country once more, and so on, *da capo*, till you find yourselves in a minority, and nothing done to advance your principles"—all which is sound sense, if we accept the maxim that "the thing that hath been, shall be." The Liberal party in its essence has been and is the conservative party of the country—a truth attested by the fact that it attracts to its leading ranks all that is best amongst authoritative and conservative minds. Almost every really great Tory dies a great Liberal. But even after they enter the Liberal camp, the converted Tories, whilst shedding the Toryism of their legislative principles, retain the Conservatism of their administrative practice. By not one jot or tittle do they discount the judgment of Parliament upon their own proposals of reform. If they find a bad law in force, they introduce a Bill for its repeal, but until the hour in which the Royal assent is given, they go on administering it in all its odiousness—no matter at what cost to their own popularity. In 1886, Mr. Morley was accused by lynx-eyed Tories of some intention not to lend the forces of the Crown for specially iniquitous evictions. Under pressure of harassed colleagues, the heretic recanted.

His remarks had only applied to the regulars. He had not said that the police should not be so employed, and so forth—as if any Government could allow its police to be overwhelmed as long as it had a drunken red-coat left in its barracks to avert the catastrophe. Since then, the Tories have shown us an example of how to withhold the aid of the Crown from an odious landlord. Next time, we shall have a precedent to justify non-action.

They have given us other lessons, too, in the art of executive government, whereof we dare not fail to profit. During the five or six years that our good friend the Tory, above quoted, is engaged in wearing down our majority into a minority, he blandly assumes that the Irish Bench will still be manned by "Peter the Packer" and his colleagues; that Mr. Shannon will be alternately dispersing public meetings and trying their component members; that the Orange rats will be all undisturbed in the Castle; that the Chancellor will be a genteel "Cautholic," secretly intriguing against Home Rule; in short, that the Ireland of that day will be the Ireland of 1890, with the addition of an Executive whom you can deride and defy with a good conscience. But how if Tim Healy be Chancellor, John Dillon Chief Secretary, Tim Harrington Chief Justice, Thomas Sexton President of the Local Government Board, and Colonel Nolan Inspector-General of Constabulary? And yet, given a stalwart House of Commons, there is nothing to prevent a Cabinet from manning the Irish offices in that way. Such a course would assuredly bring the minority to sue all the sooner for real Home Rule. The heavens would not fall if the place of Chief Secretary is not offered to a man from Lancashire or Lanarkshire.

The action of the Tories in dismissing Sir Thomas Esmonde from the shrievalty of Wexford gave us another valuable lesson by showing us how to solve provisionally the problem of county government in Ireland. They unearthed a statute empowering the Crown to dismiss any constitutionally selected High Sheriff in an Irish county and appoint its own nominee instead. We can do this as well as they, and do it in every county in Ireland; and our new sheriffs can nominate a majority of Nationalists on the grand juries, which are the administrative bodies of the Irish counties.

Then, turning to England, let us see how the action or complexion of the Executive might influence the future of, say, the Disestablishment question. It is a common remark in Tory papers, that tithes are being very well collected in Wales now that the hussars supervise the job. But if these hussars pass under the control of the Disestablishers, how then? The front bench men might want to support the auctioneers as now, but could they maintain that attitude with Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Thomas Ellis, and the Reverend Mr. Gee behind them? Surely not. There would be nothing for it but for the four Welsh dioceses to capitulate on the best terms they could obtain. Welsh Radicals are vexing themselves as to the precedence to be assigned to Welsh Disestablishment; but it may never be a Parliamentary question, except in the sense that a Barrack Bill, or a Consular Marriage Bill, is a Parliamentary Question—something where Parliament has merely to register what has been settled outside.

As to the Church in general, it is not too much to say that every writer in its defence, from Lord Selborne downwards, takes it for granted that the Prime Minister of England must be an Etonian or an Harrovian, an Oxonian or a Cantab—in any case, and all cases, a faithful son of the Church, saturated with her traditions, sincerely anxious for her dignity and greatness. How if Mr. Grant Allen were to enter politics and become Prime Minister? Could Lord Selborne lie still in his bed to think that bishops and deans were creatures of this biologist's making? A Secularist has been Prime Minister of New Zealand, and nobody thought it odd. Then, after all, the Radicals must really do *something* for Mr. Stewart Headlam when they come into office. Consider how he has been knocked about by the police. There is nothing to prevent their making him a dean, or even a bishop. Depend upon it, the Church will never submit to Radical rule, once Mr. Gladstone's day is past.

Again, take the Licensing Question, and the various questions connected with county police. It is assumed that nothing but legislation can solve these. Failing a Licensing Act, the publicans are safe; and failing a new Police Act, the county constabulary must ever be at the beck and call of game-preserving squires, and parsons, because the majority of magistrates are anti-temperance, game-preserving Churchmen, and the magistrates have the sole control of the chief-constable in questions of preserving law and order. But how if the present Lord-Lieutenants, like the Irish Sheriffs, are replaced by more pliant men, and how if all the Commissions of the Peace in the country are revoked by the Crown, and re-issued with a majority of teetotal, anti-game-law disestablishers on each? What would the brewers' mortgages be worth then?

The power of the Executive in relation to the House of Lords—always assuming the Lower House to be staunch—is too obvious to need comment. The five hundred Unionist peers can be balanced by five hundred Liberal registration agents or canvassers for Liberal publications. We mention these very worthy classes of men, because we believe that the existing nobility would so vehemently object to them, as "peers," that they would prefer to surrender their legislative privileges on terms of being secured against additional creations—a pledge which the ideal Premier of the future, "with no nonsense about him," would have no difficulty in giving.

All the supposed strongholds of Toryism—the Church, the Magistracy, and the Peerage—take their complexion from, and are therefore at the mercy of, the Executive. Truly, when we consider how far-reaching and formidable are the powers of Executives, we are more convinced than ever of the necessity for shortening Parliaments, so as to impress the wielders of this despotism with a due sense of their responsibility—but here again we fear we are falling into that old-fogeyism which we have hinted is the besetting sin of the typical Liberal.

STANLEY'S REAR-GUARD AND THE CONGO SCANDALS.*

WANDERING about West Africa in the year 1882, after joining Lord Mayo in his hunting and exploring expedition to Ovampo-land, I passed up through the Portuguese possessions in Angola to the River Congo, and, meeting Mr. Stanley here, I was invited by him to proceed up that river and see what could be seen of the inception of the Congo Free State. On my return to Europe in the following year, I was invited to go to Brussels by the King of the Belgians, so that I might describe to His Majesty the progress of the great work which Mr. Stanley was carrying out for the *Comité d'Études du Haut Congo*, an association which was actively promoted by King Leopold, and which was the precursor of the Congo Free State. The King of the Belgians, setting a high value on the pioneering qualities of my countrymen, was desirous of obtaining

* "With Stanley's Rear Column." By J. Rose Troup. One vol. London: Chapman & Hall. "Five Years Among the Congo Cannibals." By Herbert Ward. One vol. London: Chatto & Windus.

the services of a number of Englishmen for work on the Congo, and His Majesty asked me, on my return to England, to obtain recruits for service under the Congo *Comité*. Among those whom I selected was Mr. John Rose Troup, to whom an appointment was accordingly given by the President of the *Comité*, Colonel Strauch. I furnished Mr. Troup before starting with a private letter of introduction to Mr. Stanley, which I have reason to believe helped him considerably in his career, although, never having heard from him or seen him from the day that he took leave of me in London in the autumn of 1883, I can only infer that this was the case from what Mr. Stanley has subsequently told me. At any rate, Mr. Troup appears to have got on very well during his three years' service on the Congo, and is mentioned with kindness and appreciation in the book which Mr. Stanley published in 1885, called "The Congo; or, the Founding of its Free State." On his return to England at the conclusion of his term of service, he arrived just in time to be selected by Mr. Stanley over the heads of a great many other applicants for a leading post in the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." Sir Francis de Winton, one of the committee which organised this expedition, was as much concerned as Stanley in the selection of Mr. Troup, having also known him on the Congo, and known him to be an energetic, useful man. So Mr. Troup returned to the Congo six months after he had left it, as one of Stanley's officers, and specially charged with the transport service of the expedition from the mouth of the Congo to Yambuya on the Aruwimi.

Mr. Herbert Ward is an energetic young gentleman who, when a lad of sixteen, had put his love of adventure to a severe test by running away to sea and travelling out to New Zealand as an emigrant on a sailing ship. After four years of rough life and hard work in that colony he resolved to return home, and, nothing daunted by the want of means, he shipped as an able seaman on board a sailing ship bound for England *via* San Francisco. He was more than nine months returning home in this fashion, but he is able to say truthfully that he has worked his way as a sailor all round the world. After a brief rest in this country he started for North Borneo as a cadet in the service of the British North Borneo Company. In the awful jungles and malarial swamps which constitute a portion of that domain he contracted worse fevers than he ever afterwards experienced in Africa, and he was compelled to return to England. He brought back with him but one happy, yet painful, reminiscence from the Bornean forests—namely, the friendship he had formed for Mr. Frank Hatton, an attractive, bright, accomplished young fellow, who seemed destined to do exceptionally good work in the service of the North Borneo Company, but who, by a most regrettable accident, was killed by the chance discharge of his gun when forcing his way through a jungle. Mr. Ward, having been the first and nearest white man to learn the news and particulars of Frank Hatton's death, was able to supply the relatives of the deceased with a fuller account of what had occurred than the meagre telegrams which had been transmitted by the authorities, and in this way he became acquainted with his companion's father, Mr. Joseph Hatton, who eventually introduced Ward to Stanley, and thus got him an appointment in the service of the Congo Free State in 1884. After passing two and a half years on the Upper and Lower Congo, Mr. Ward was returning home, being somewhat *froissé* by the eagerness with which the new Belgian governor, M. Janssens, was supplanting the old-established *employés* by Belgian officers, when he met the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition" proceeding up the Congo. He immediately cast aside all ideas of returning home, applied for employment in the expedition, and was at once engaged by Mr. Stanley to aid in the transport service between Matadi and Yambuya. Left behind at Yambuya with the rear-guard, Mr. Ward was eventually sent back to the west coast in the spring of 1888 by Major Barttelot with a telegram which was to be despatched to the committee in London detailing the circumstances of the rear-guard. After despatching this cablegram from the mouth of the Congo, and receiving a reply from Sir William Mackinnon, he started to return to Yambuya, but on his way up the river received a rather ambiguous letter from Major Barttelot instructing him to remain at Bangala, a station on the Upper Congo some three hundred miles below Yambuya. Shortly after his arrival at this place Mr. Jameson arrived in a dying state with the news of Major Barttelot's death, and died soon after delivering this sad information. Again Mr. Ward returned to the coast to cable this disaster to the committee, and then being instructed in reply to return to Yambuya, collect the remainder of the expedition, and bring them to the coast, he once more started for the Aruwimi, but before he could reach Yambuya Mr. Stanley had returned and carried off the remnant of the ill-fated rear-guard. Mr. Ward, however, proceeded instead to the Stanley Falls station, picked up a few survivors and runaways, and returned once more to the coast and finally to England, where he was thanked by the committee for his services, and awarded a considerable *honorarium*, as his services to the expedition had been given without stipulation as to pay.

Mr. Troup and Mr. Ward, as the result of their experiences, have both written books. The former gives an account of the doings and disasters of the rear-column up to the time when he left it—which was before the greatest disasters occurred; the latter has written a work dealing but slightly with the matters of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, but more with the natives and scenery of the River Congo between Stanley Pool and the Stanley Falls. It may be mentioned, before I pass on to the consideration of the great issues with which Mr. Troup's book is involved, that Mr. Ward's work on the Congo cannibals is written in a pleasant, clear style, and gives a good general picture—without, I should think, any exaggeration—of the awful condition of almost animal savagery in which the *anthropophagi* of the Central Congo live. Like all these recent works (alas!) which have appeared on Africa, and especially on the Congo, with Englishmen for their authors, there is but little sound scientific information. These men of the Stanley Expedition enjoyed unrivalled opportunities of writing down the unknown Bantu dialects of the Upper Congo—dialects which promise to occupy a most instructive position in the chain of Bantu tongues, and which may be stamped out or utterly corrupted by Arab invasions and migrations of races before any future attempt can be made to write them down. In this matter I would note with anger that the Belgian officers who have occupied such important and influential posts in the Congo, have not as yet added one jot or one tittle to our knowledge of the native languages. All that we know at present of the Congo tongues has been communicated through the humble but patient endeavours of British missionaries, and through the works of one or two German explorers. Mr. Stanley, however, should be exempted from this blame, because he has supplied not a few short vocabularies, which, although they are hastily and sometimes incorrectly compiled, are still the only specimens published of the Upper Congo dialects.

Mr. Troup had charge of the transport of such of Stanley's goods and men as could not be conveyed in the first journey up the Congo. This task, in conjunction with Mr. Ward and Mr. Bonny, he seems to have carried out with great energy and ability, and in the face of great difficulties. He reached Yambuya with all these arrears of goods and men about two months after Mr. Stanley had left that place on his first journey to the Albert Nyanza. In the diary which he kept during his dreary stay of some

ten months at Yambuya and on the Lomami, though his statements are guarded, he affords incidental confirmation of the general excitability, ferocity, and unreasonable dislike to the black men which have been charged against Major Barttelot. It is dreadful to read again and again in his diary "So-and-so received one hundred lashes for stealing," "Somebody else flogged to the extent of one hundred and fifty lashes for deserting," and so on: and in another place Mr. Troup has admitted that he knew of John Henry, a mission boy from Zanzibar, having been flogged to death with three hundred lashes (so that, as Bonny writes, strips of his flesh were torn off and lay on the ground). Do people who read this in England realise what even a dozen lashes from a hippopotamus-hide whip means? It is a ghastly sight* even when delivered on that fleshy portion of the human form whereon Dame Nature intended that human beings might be beaten without detriment to their internal organs. It means that the wretched creature who has endured even this relatively mild punishment is scored with broad crimson bands of bruised and bleeding flesh. But what, then, must it be when the flogging is increased to *one hundred* lashes (which under Major Barttelot's *régime* seems to have been a comparatively frequent punishment)? It means the man's whole back, shoulders, buttocks, and thighs would be a pulpy mass of churned-up flesh, that the nervous system would receive such a shock that the flogged man would probably die from the effects, if he did not succumb quicker to the injuries sustained by his kidneys and other internal organs, which the flogging over the small of the back would most certainly affect. It is ghastly to think of, and as horrible in its savagery as the worst deeds of the Congo cannibals recounted by Mr. Ward. In a military camp, such as was that formed at Yambuya, discipline must be maintained, theft must be punished, disobedience must be checked, mutiny repressed, and desertion stopped by fear, if reasonable kindliness could not obviate its cause. Punish men for tiny offences by fines, by the docking of their little luxuries, by even tiny canings such as would be administered to naughty boys, by imprisonment, and by forced labour. If they are utter bad characters, increase your imprisonment and hard labour. If they mutiny or desert under arms, or, in other words, behave in such a way as would render them liable to capital punishment in a state of war, then, with all due solemnity, court-martial them, and, if they are found guilty, hang them or shoot them. But flogging to death, when sentence of death has not been passed, is an abominable anomaly in the civilisation of the latter end of the nineteenth century, and any European found guilty of such monstrosity, after a proper trial, ought to be hanged. Into the Stanley-Barttelot case I am loth to enter at any length, but I think history will sum it up much as follows:—

Stanley made a mistake in selecting Major Barttelot for his expedition, as he knew, quite sufficiently, or must have known from what he avows he was told, and from what he gathered from the man's conversation, that, though absolutely devoid of fear and a fine soldierly fellow, Major Barttelot utterly lacked sympathy with the black race among whom he was about to work, and had a violent and ungovernable temper. Stanley selected him, however, believing they would see much fighting on the borders of the Sudan, and that Barttelot would be "a splendid man in a row." But on his way up the Congo Stanley found out too late the mistake he had made, and not liking to send Major Barttelot back to England (having no legitimate cause at that time for parting with him), he resolved as the alternative to leave him behind in charge of the rear-guard at Yambuya. His instructions to the rear-guard, I confess, both by his own showing and by Mr. Troup's, did not justify the blame which he has bestowed on that unfortunate body of officers for not making an earlier or more determined effort to join him. It was clear that he had not left behind by any means the pick of his expedition, but rather the refuse. He had told his officers not to move without *some* porters, so that they might not have to abandon *all* their stores in the forward march. They did not move until they got *some* porters, and then the disaster came. Moreover, when one reads in Mr. Stanley's book of the frightful difficulties which attended his own well-equipped expedition—difficulties which very nearly wrecked his little army, and which were probably only surmounted by his own individual and marvellous determination and resourcefulness—we can scarcely understand how it is he expected the wretched rear-guard, under much greater difficulties, to make the same journey seven times over which he had barely succeeded in effecting on the first occasion. But history will also say that had Major Barttelot been of a different temperament he would probably have won over Tipu-Tipu* and his Arabs long before, and would have induced them to supply the needed carriers soon after Mr. Stanley's departure. History will, I fear, if Mr. Stanley and Mr. Bonny succeed in establishing their allegations, shudder at the memory of Barttelot's insane cruelties—insane, I say advisedly, for no one who reads this awful story, and no one who, at the same time, has seen so much of the effects of African fever as I have, can doubt that the unfortunate man was of unsound mind during the greater part of his year's camping on the Aruwimi. I can count up in my memory numerous cases of insanity, temporary and lasting, which have succeeded severe attacks of fever on the Congo, and it was remarkable that this insanity frequently took a homicidal or a suicidal turn—the former in persons of sanguine and violent disposition, the latter with the mild and timid. History will also blame severely that misguided man who, with the possession of his unhappy brother's diaries and other evidence, would not advisedly let the records of his brother's irrational violence rest in kindly oblivion, but must needs drag them to the light, and shock the English-speaking world, and give cause to the foreigner to blaspheme. History will also say that at worst Mr. Stanley made a few regrettable mistakes, and did not bestow sufficient care on the condition in which he left the rear-guard (leaving them, no doubt, to use their brains, and in a certain measure to shift for themselves), but that he accomplished magnificently one of the most splendid feats performed in this or any century—the rescue of Emin Pasha, and three journeys through the trackless forests of the Congo. History will say of Stanley that he was the Napoleon Bonaparte of African exploration, with all Napoleon Bonaparte's greatness and some of his failings.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

* I have seen cases among the slaves of the chiefs in the Oil Rivers who were thus punished by their masters for very gross offences.

* Why will people call him "Tippoo-Tib"?

FREE TRADE IN AMERICA.

THE wise men who framed the Constitution of the United States in 1789 were much embarrassed by the question of how money enough could be raised to carry on the general government. The thirteen federated States approved in general of union, but none was willing to yield much of her local independence for the sake of securing the government as a whole. All had fought for the principle of Free Trade as opposed to trade with the Mother Country only; and no form of taxation appeared free from grave objections on the part of some section of the New Country.

In the perplexity of this period, Congress was finally persuaded to lay a tax upon imports amounting

to 8 per cent. The law was passed with difficulty, because many regarded it not merely as a hindrance to commerce, but a direct incitement to smuggling.

The conscientious statesmen of that day little dreamed that the duty on imports which they were voting as the means of raising the little revenue then needed, would prove the thin end of a very keen and very broad wedge, and that the Tariff of 1789 "for revenue only," and amounting to but 8 per cent., would, by 1889, have become one of nearly 45 per cent., confessedly for the purpose of shutting out foreign trade with America. Anyone in 1789 suspected of harbouring the Chinese trade doctrines of a McKinley or a Blaine, would have been shot as a foreign spy, or at least have been tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail, and ordered to disappear. Now we wonder because at last, after many years of "High Protection" legislation, which has added greatly to the cost of living, has enriched scandalously a small body of manufacturers, and has debauched American public life to a strange degree, the people at large have seen through the shams of the Republican party, and decided to try a change!

The idea of Protection as a mercantile policy has grown in America as quietly and injuriously as worms in a ship's timbers; but the plea that infant industries require protection was never seriously put forward until her industries had grown up to be strong enough to bully such as opposed them—practically not until after the Civil War. When the United States adopted their Constitution, they already manufactured to a large extent; they were familiar with the material resources of their country, and exported many articles which native ingenuity enabled them to make in competition with the rest of the world. The war with England in 1812, and the years before that when Napoleon pretended to hold Europe in blockade, gave an immense impulse to American manufacturing, which was of course violently arrested when the war closed and Napoleon's career as well. The flourishing mills and factories found themselves suddenly deprived of further orders; the golden bubble had burst; their owners saw themselves under the necessity of either directing their energy into other channels or begging for "Protection."

The country was generous, particularly the Southern States, and saved many an imprudent manufacturer from the consequences of his folly by saddling the people at large with a small, but still unjust, "protective" tax. Down to the year 1860, the American Civil War, the manufacturers of New England clamoured annually for more protection; the South, as planters, resisting vigorously. At one time it looked as though a Civil War on the Tariff question would have exploded twenty years before that on Slavery, when one of the Southern States declared it would pay no Customs dues, and the party of "Nullification" reached ominous proportions in South Carolina. But the prompt use of very determined language by the President, and the immediate despatch of men-of-war, caused the Protectionists to breathe more freely, although it led to legislation that provided for a gradual reduction of the tariff.

The question of Slavery was so vital both North and South in 1860, that little was heard of "Protection" at the opening of the Civil War; but the bitterness with which the "Confederates" engaged in that long and bloody struggle was much aggravated by the conviction that Northern domination meant not merely the loss of slaves, but a system of taxation unjust to an agricultural community, partial in its operation, and manifestly opposed to the spirit of the original compact as a Union of States.

The Civil War closed in 1865, leaving the North dominant in Congress as she had been numerically on the battle-field. Those five years of suffering to the troops had been years of splendid harvest to contractors, traders, and manufacturers. One million of troops were maintained in the field by the North alone, not to speak of a fleet superior to anything afloat at the time. The tariff on all articles of commerce had been raised steadily until, at the close of that war, the duty was nearly double what it was at its beginning. Manufacturers made fortunes beyond the dreams of the most sanguine. A people inflamed by patriotic fervour did not scrutinise too sharply the means adopted for raising revenue; but the footsore troops that marched home from the trenches of Petersburg and Richmond found that while their little farms yielded no more than before, the factories of their stay-at-home neighbours had produced a class of newly made rich men who had accumulated a fortune out of the pressing needs of a desperate Government. The country was by this time taught to talk of Protection as being "American;" to speak contemptuously of "British Free Trade;" furnishing an example of political blindness which Bismarck subsequently copied when he referred to his Protectionist supporters as "National," and denounced Free Traders as under foreign influence.

The political career of the United States since the death of Lincoln in 1865, and down to the election of Cleveland in 1884, is painful reading to friends of personal liberty. The eight years' administration of General Grant, from 1868 to 1876, demonstrated conclusively that military ability may be compatible with a total deficiency in elementary political sagacity. These precious years that should have redeemed the Government's tacit promise to abolish the "War Tariff" when peace was signed, were notable chiefly for the encouragement given to every form of political jobbery; for still further aggravating the painful situation in the Southern States, and for impudently proclaiming "Protection" in the place of "Revenue" as the aim of tariff legislation.

Many patriotic men who supported the Republican party, when the only question was that of Union or Disunion, became "Democrats" when war issues ceased to be uppermost. In 1876 Mr. Tilden received a majority of the popular vote for President, a significant protest against the abuse of patronage that had characterised successive Republican administrations. He was not formally elected, owing to a dispute over election returns: but his campaign demonstrated clearly that the issues represented by sectional antagonism had lost much of their vigour, and that the people of the Northern States were dividing their allegiance between what had been before the parties for and against slavery.

About this time a Free Trade club was organised in New York, which soon had branches in the important commercial towns of the country.

The Presidential candidates for 1880 were Garfield on behalf of the Republicans, and General Hancock for the Democrats. Garfield was a regular member of the Cobden Club, but became so frightened when accused, by his Irish and Protectionist constituents, of truckling to British interests, that he promptly denied any knowledge of that organisation. Hancock also was so frightened by the politicians of his party, that he publicly proclaimed the Tariff as quite an unimportant—in fact, a "local issue." The political managers of both parties dreaded the Tariff issue; fearing to lose Irish support by declaring themselves in sympathy with "British Free Trade."

During the campaign I was the means, as corresponding member of the Cobden Club, of distributing in the agricultural districts, particularly amongst the members of western corn exchanges, a capital pamphlet by Mongredien on "The Western Farmer of America." This book did an immense amount of good by stirring up the anger of the Protectionist Press; by calling out the discussion of Independents, and giving Free Traders courage to meet the specious talk of their Congressmen. The Free Trade clubs raised a respectable sum of money also, sent out a number of good speakers, distributed the writings of David A. Wells, and Professor William G. Sumner

of Yale University, and gave the politicians to understand that Tariff Reform was a "live" issue, and not one that could be stifled by either party. Free Trade grew in spite of this "British gold" scare, and as it grew the Ultra-Protectionists became more and more Republican, while the Tariff Reformers voted with the Democrats. Cleveland's election in 1884 was the result largely of "Tariff Reform" support given by men who have left their old party. In 1888 the Republicans again came into power, with Blaine as leader and Harrison as President. The Protectionists and Free Traders in that year faced each other frankly. Free Trade clubs were organised all over the country, a canal boat was equipped with a brass band, a ton of Cobdenite pamphlets, and a relay of "Reform" orators; and these addressed every group that could be gathered along the tow-path between the Great Lakes and the Hudson River—all for Cleveland and Free Trade. In New York City, huge vans laden with Free Trade preachers moved from point to point in the industrial portions of the town, scattering economic literature and making Free Trade speeches. The Democratic party, which in 1880 dared not say that the Tariff was more than a "local issue," in 1888 became the vehicle of Free Trade, and this month has achieved a majority in the House of Congress.

What this majority will accomplish it is hard to tell, for in it is included the political body known as Tammany Hall, which has control of the Governor of New York State, the Mayor of New York city, and which aspires to name the next President of the United States. When other things are equal, Tammany is loyal to only two forces—the Pope and Protection; the first because it hates an Orangeman, the second because it hates what is English. The Tammany Democrat denounces Free Trade as un-American—that means un-Irish—and he is heartily with the Republicans in this matter in so far as his pocket is not involved. But Tammany has grown fat within the Democratic party, and there are too many pecuniary interests binding it there to allow it altogether to break from it. The Irish leaders will do what they can to prevent Tariff Reform so far as that is possible without breaking wholly from the emoluments of their party, as they assisted to defeat Cleveland in 1888, while assuring themselves in return the local offices of New York.

The important factor in the presidential election of 1892 is the control that can be exercised over the ignorant and bigoted Irish voters, who, though themselves honestly loyal in their hatred of everything English, may or may not be held within party lines by their equally intolerant but far more mercenary and self-contained leaders.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

IT is not too much to say that for some weeks the attention of the civilised world has been fixed with growing intensity on a certain laboratory in Berlin. During that time Sovereigns and statesmen who, as Disraeli once remarked, rule the universe, have dealt with us after their kind, without impressing on the vast majority of their subjects much more than the bare fact of their existence. They have reviewed armies, or made Conventions, or touched great problems with the caution of men who have not made up their minds that the door they are pressed to unbar will open their way to greater authority, or let loose wild animals on their sacred persons. But while they are timidly fingering the bolts, the thoughts of most people are turning to a man who has nothing to do with the science of government, or with the art of making the head that wears a crown lie easy when democracy insists on stuffing the pillow. Yet this man holds in his hand at this moment more lives than military genius has ever sacrificed. Generations to come will owe him an incalculable benefit, and there are millions to-day who are waiting in breathless suspense for the confirmation of one of the greatest boons which the noblest of all the sciences has conferred upon mankind. There is little room for doubt now that Dr. Koch has discovered the cure of consumption. Patients are under treatment, and the Prussian Parliament is to be asked to vote a large sum for the establishment of a special hospital. The remedy is a lymph with which the sufferer is inoculated, and which destroys the bacillus in the lungs, or whatever part of the system may be affected. Already there are authentic accounts of the curative powers of this process; and without being unduly sanguine, we may proclaim glad tidings to many victims of the deadliest of diseases. Since the discovery of chloroform medical science has not won such a notable triumph. M. Pasteur has coped with a frightful malady, but where hydrophobia claims its tens, consumption gathers its thousands. Hypnotism has explained miracles, and revealed a power which may exercise a far-reaching influence for good or ill. But no physician of our time has touched the popular imagination so strongly as this quiet German professor, who has permitted no inkling of his great achievement to escape till his experiments have qualified him to face the world with the assurance of success. Letters might rain upon him; interviewers might besiege his laboratory; but the man who has chosen the enormous responsibility of promising life to beings condemned by experience to certain death, dare not speak at all till his voice can carry unquestionable authority.

Yet although the professor secluded himself from premature inquiry, he must sometimes have been conscious that anxious multitudes were sitting in spirit at his door. There is something in the nature of consumption which appeals more strongly to our sympathies than any other ill that afflicts humanity. The seeds of the disease are sown so imperceptibly, the decay is so lingering, and the alternations of hope and fear are so frequent and so acute, that the strain on the heart-strings of the man who sees his nearest and dearest drawn from him in this slow, remorseless way, has no parallel in human suffering. In the watches of the night, perhaps, when the result of the day's experiments had been discouraging, the physician who was striving to pluck from the memory this rooted sorrow, may have seen passing before him in procession those who had fallen under the fatal scourge. Mothers, with appealing eyes, holding in their arms the fairest flowers of the homes that knew no shadow till this destroyer came and could not be baffled; bread-winners with the hectic cheek and the warning cough, and the thought of what awaits their little ones when the last stroke of work is done, and the feeble flame goes out: hopeless wanderers in search of health, and of all the skill that wealth can purchase, to whom the world would be such a treasure-house if the one vital need could be satisfied, and if everything precious were not slipping away: how grimly the light of failure must have shone on this beseeching crowd, when the student was in his hour of depression! To come within an ace, perchance, of a discovery which would by-and-by suffuse that sad assemblage with a glow of joy and gratitude, must have been a dread beyond all imaginable disaster. No mocking fiend could conceive a torture so keen and lasting. Happily, Dr. Koch has been spared that bitterness, and though he does not claim that his lymph will cure consumption in all its stages, there is abundant reason to hope that the treatment may be successfully developed. The progress of medicine encourages us to believe, indeed, that no disease is unconquerable. Cancer has so far resisted medical skill, but it is conceivable that some application of Dr. Koch's principle may serve to kill the germ of that enemy. Physicians cannot provide us with all the conditions of vital energy. They cannot create healthy dwellings, nor vanquish the vested interests which sacrifice the lives of the

poor on the altar of property. But they can put to shame the guardians of our civilisation by overcoming difficulties far greater than those which beset the enlightened minds of legislators. And they can open the gates of hope, so long supposed to be irrevocably shut, to many afflicted creatures who have borne the sentence of death from their earliest years.

It seems idle to talk of rewards for the man who has made this revolution. Dr. Koch, it is said, is to receive a large sum from the German Government. But money and titles are trumpery recompense for such a service to humanity. We give cash and decorations in this country to the heroes of little wars. The brilliant general who scatters an army of Egyptians is made a peer. The inventor of a rifle which will be useless a year hence has an excellent chance of becoming a baronet. There are real commanders and genuine weapons in Germany, no doubt; but what are the laurels of any warrior, however distinguished, compared with those of the physician who arrests the hand of death, and hurls the flag of pestilence from the walls of the citadel? What is the strategy of Moltke to the healing genius of the deliverer whose name should reign in the hearts of men when Sedan is forgotten, and the map of Europe is transformed? There can be no fitting tribute to Professor Koch save the gratitude of the world; nor can he desire a nobler monument. It may be true that—

> "——all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death."

But there are men who have brought such illumination of joy into the darkened lot of their fellows, that even the humblest and simplest may feel that life has its beneficent wisdom.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XV.—Sir George Trevelyan.

THE most ridiculously overrated virtue in political morality is consistency, in the conventional sense of that term. That a man never changes his mind ought to be at least presumptive evidence of his having no mind to change. He who learns nothing by experience can hardly be distinguished from a fool. Yet a politician who frankly says, "I have been in error. I thought it my duty to take a certain course last year; but I see now that I was wrong, and that my opponents were right," unquestionably loses ground with the public, and is supposed to have made a damaging admission. Sir George Trevelyan is still suffering from the fact that, having joined the Dissentient Liberals in 1886, he left them in 1887. He entered the Conference of the Round Table in that year as the ally of Mr. Chamberlain to meet in friendly discussion Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley. Till nearly the last moment he and Mr. Chamberlain were in complete agreement with each other, as well as with their Liberal colleagues. Suddenly, for some reason which has never yet been fully explained, Mr. Chamberlain lost his temper, wrote an angry letter to a paper called the *Baptist*, and broke up the conference in confusion. Whatever moral censure attaches to Sir George Trevelyan for his part in this transaction attaches to Mr. Chamberlain also. Both entered into these negotiations, in spite of Lord Hartington's disapproval, with the avowed object of returning to the Liberal party if they were satisfied that the dangers which led them to desert it had been removed. It may have been wrong, as Lord Hartington thought, to parley with the enemy at all. In that case Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan both committed a grave fault. But if it was right to hold the conference, it cannot have been a political offence, though it may have been a defect of judgment, to hold that Mr. Gladstone's concessions were sufficient, and to act accordingly. That Mr. Gladstone did make concessions is undeniable. The retention of the Irish members, whatever else may be said of it, means an immense change in his Bill. On the other hand, the Government entirely altered the situation by introducing their Coercion Bill. Sir George Trevelyan consented to negotiate with the sincere desire of arriving at an understanding, and in the full belief that Mr. Chamberlain had the same object as himself. Indeed, Sir George at that time was almost carried away by his admiration of Mr. Chamberlain's ability and resource. Whether Mr. Chamberlain wished for an arrangement, or was all the time playing a double game, is a question on which there is some difference of opinion, though this is neither the time nor the place to discuss it. But nothing could be more unjust than that Sir George Trevelyan should be accused of instability while Mr. Chamberlain is credited with firmness. Mr. Chamberlain is inconsistent in the proper signification of the word, for he holds incompatible opinions at the same time.

Sir George Trevelyan undoubtedly left the Liberal party with great regret, and returned to it with great satisfaction. He is in the highest and best sense of the phrase a party man. To call him a "Gladstonian" would be a more than ordinarily gross misuse of the unfortunate epithet coined by Mr. Goschen in 1885 for his own purposes, and for the discomfiture of Mr. Chamberlain. The present member for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow quixotically resigned office in 1870 because, being at the Admiralty and not in the Cabinet, he disapproved of Mr. Forster's Education Bill as too sectarian. In 1886 he left the Cabinet and the Scotch Office because he objected to parts of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and to the whole of his Land Purchase Bill. But for Liberal principles, and for the organisation best calculated to promote them, Sir George Trevelyan would sacrifice anything except national interests or personal honour. In that respect, as in so many others, he is the nephew of his uncle, whose famous speech at Edinburgh in 1839, when the fortunes of the Whigs were at a far lower ebb than the fortunes of the Liberals in 1886, strikes the keynote of Sir George's political career. Ever since he entered Parliament in 1865, Sir George Trevelyan has belonged to the Radical wing of the Liberal army. He has been charged with making a fetish of Liberalism. But it is to be observed that the charge usually proceeds from those so-called Liberals who were on the watch for a chance of ratting when the question of Home Rule providentially presented itself. Lord Hartington was an ideal leader for men of this sort, although his own gradual approximation to Conservatism was probably more than half unconscious. When Lord Hartington was elected to succeed Mr. Gladstone in 1875 as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, an attempt was made by the Radicals to obtain Mr. Forster instead. They would not improbably have been successful if Mr. Forster had not at the last moment declined nomination; and foremost among them was the Mr. Trevelyan of those days. After the dissolution of 1886, when Sir George Trevelyan lost his seat for the Border Burghs, he very soon made it plain that he had not ceased to be a Liberal because he objected to one particular form of Home Rule for Ireland. His earliest speeches brought him under the suspicion of the thoroughgoing Hartingtonians, and a letter he wrote to the "Unionists" of Aberdeen, insisting on his adhesion to the good old cause, so much incensed the local managers of the faction that they formally withdrew an invitation they had sent him to address them. Sir George's single-minded and rational devotion, not to men and names, but to truths and principles, has, among other things, effectually disposed of the "Unionist" pretence that they had sacrificed the shadow for the substance of Liberalism. The truth is precisely the other way.

By his perfectly conscientious though thoroughly mistaken vote against the Home Rule Bill, Sir

George Trevelyan lost some ground in the political race. But a man whose services to his party and to the country have been so conspicuous and so solid, cannot be kept in the background when there is work to do. To Sir George Trevelyan the officers of the British army owe their right of promotion by merit, and the agricultural labourers their Parliamentary vote. To have achieved two such reforms before the age of fifty is sufficient glory for any English statesman. They involved, especially the first of them, a great deal of social unpopularity, as well as assiduous and persevering labour. But against the influence of the Court and of fashion, which has proved fatal to the zeal of so many ardent reformers, Sir George Trevelyan is absolutely secured by the strong armour of a robust contempt. On the Royal Grant Bill he took in 1889 an independent line of his own, resisting the demands of the Crown in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, who made the finest speech in defence of monarchical dignity and splendour ever heard in the House of Commons. Against unnecessary pensions and all illegitimate claims upon the public purse Sir George Trevelyan wages a relentless war. The son of an old Treasury official, who had early in life exposed a flagrant case of Anglo-Indian corruption, he is consumed by a passion for public economy and financial purity. Another point which never fails to excite his indignation is the power of the House of Lords. It may be doubted whether the Radical clubs of Great Britain contain a stronger opponent of the hereditary principle in legislation than Sir George Trevelyan. With him it is not a mere proposition of abstract politics, but a hearty hatred of political privilege, which enlists his sympathies for "one man, one vote, and down with the House of Lords." In foreign affairs Sir George is a staunch non-interventionist, and no one more stoutly resisted the Disraelian Jingoism which prevailed from 1877 to 1880. "Every man," he then well said, "who does an honest day's work is for peace. Every man who spends thirteen hours in amusing himself and the remaining eleven in bed is for war." But while Sir George Trevelyan holds strongly to these Radical doctrines, the crude Socialism which now finds so much favour with weak heads has no attractions for him. When he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was called "Pinch-of-hunger Trevelyan." This was because he very properly refused to authorise an indiscriminate system of outdoor relief, even in circumstances of exceptional distress. Mr. Balfour follows in his footsteps. Mr. Morley deviated from them with unfortunate results.

Sir George Trevelyan's political career has been upon the whole singularly prosperous and successful. He has represented only three constituencies, and one of those he represented continuously for nearly twenty years without a serious contest. But, as Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1882 to 1884, he passed through an ordeal of terrible severity. Mr. Balfour may well make light of his own troubles as compared with the horrors of those years, which left upon Sir George Trevelyan, though not upon Lord Spencer, marks ineffaceable by time. The successor of the murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish not only went in danger of his life, but had to meet attacks upon his character of which their authors are now justly and bitterly ashamed. He was not, like Mr. Balfour, without family ties, and he was not hardened by natural or acquired cynicism to treat everything which came from Irish members with indifferent scorn. "I may be Chief Secretary for Ireland," he said on one occasion, "but I am an English gentleman; and when a man tells me that he does not believe my word, I shall not answer him." It is a melancholy sign of the depths to which "Unionists" have been dragged by party spirit that these words should have been recently described as "hysterical," and criticised to Sir George Trevelyan's disadvantage. It would have been better for himself if he could have taken things more easily; but he would have been a less estimable and a less lovable man. Mr. Balfour once accused Sir George Trevelyan of egoism, and of always dragging his own "miserable personality" into debate, because Sir George denied the statement, made by the Chief Secretary, that he had instituted criminal proceedings against a member of Parliament. This is in general Mr. Balfour's way, and was on that particular occasion his rather transparent device for avoiding the acknowledgment that he had said what was not true. Sir George Trevelyan has certainly often used the expression "Lord Spencer and I." But it must be remembered that their joint administration is repeatedly cited against them, and only Mr. Balfour would complain of the "egoism" of self-defence. Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan broke up and destroyed the most dangerous murder-club which has infested Ireland during the century. They restored law and order so completely, that their Tory successors were enabled to drop coercion. The fact that they should both now be Home Rulers is so eloquent and convincing, that the Tories and their allies cannot away with it.

If Sir George Trevelyan had never entered public life, he would still be a distinguished and considerable man of letters. As a biographer he ranks with Boswell, Lockhart, and North. As a writer of political verse, his place is with Canning and Praed. His Life of Macaulay is beyond criticism and above praise. The first impulse of everyone who reads it is to read it again, and the impulse should not be resisted. "The Early History of Charles James Fox" is brilliant but faulty. The style is epigrammatic to the verge of caricature; the sentences are overcharged, and the writer shows that he has not the accurate ear for rhythm which redeems the monotony of Macaulay's periods. Still it is a tantalising fragment, and every lover of Whiggery or of literature must hope that a fragment it will not be allowed to remain. Sir George is also the author not only of the amusing "Competition Wallah" and the patriotic "Cawnpore," but of much satirical poetry and dramatic fun as good, or almost as good, as any in the language. The "Ladies in Parliament" is Aristophanic in its wealth of local and personal allusion, if in nothing else. "The Pope and his Patron" (unfortunately out of print) is an admirable satire on Mr. Disraeli, and on a type of Irish member now happily extinct. "Horace at the University of Athens" is a perfect specimen of undergraduate fun, and the *Dhawk Bungalow* had an immense success at private theatricals in India before it gave delight to innumerable readers in England.

It is not intended in this Gallery to exhibit incidents of private life. Others must discuss, if so minded, the important questions whether Sir George Trevelyan wears a white waistcoat, and whether he takes pills. It has been well said by a wise and witty woman, that every human being has an atmosphere into which no other human being has a right to come. Sir George Trevelyan's many friends do not need to be reminded, and most of his readers can imagine, how great are the charm of his conversation and the fascination of his companionship. The range of his reading is wide and varied, although, as he once said in the House of Commons, his favourite study is the history of campaigns. He has an excellent memory, and a store of apt quotations—Greek, Latin, and English. No public man, not even Mr. Gladstone, has kept up his acquaintance with the classics more thoroughly or more assiduously. His clear, ringing voice is well matched with his hearty, genial manner, and his laugh, more like a schoolboy's than a statesman's, would cure anyone of low spirits. A keen sportsman, and a lover of country pursuits, especially gardening, he enjoys the management of an estate on which there are no public-houses, almost as much as the possession of a library in which there is no rubbish. Sir George Trevelyan's weakness is an inability to conceive how any man worth his salt can be happy and contented outside the House of Commons.

HOME PETS.

I.—Boys.

[Note to the Editor.—Sir,—You must have noticed that for some time past there has been a great boom in animals. The *Spectator* has told us of their imitative instinct. We have read "Notes from the Zoo" in the *Saturday Review*. You positively must march with the times. Only a short time ago a daily paper suffered from a slight correspondence about guinea-pigs. You must see that the public are clamorous for information about animals—any animals. I enclose an article.—Yours, etc., ——.]

READER, do you keep boys? Are you interested in them? I trust that both my questions may be answered in the affirmative. They cost more to keep than rabbits or canaries; but, on the other hand, they are often more intelligent. They can be made to eat out of the hand, although they prefer the ordinary knife and fork; they can be taught to jump through hoops, to pretend to be dead—some of them actually die—and to write their own name; and they can produce the sound of the human voice as accurately as any cockatoo that ever got itself advertised in a high-class weekly review. They are more affectionate than guinea-pigs, but not so affectionate as dogs. They are not so clean as cats, but the method of washing adopted by the two animals is totally different. They are so common that the expense ought not to prevent any family from securing one.

"How am I to feed it?" is the question which any fancier naturally asks about a new pet. You can feed boys on just the same sort of food that you yourself would eat. You must remember, however, that they also crave for intellectual sustenance. If they are not provided with it, they ought to pine away. It is as well to mention this because it is a peculiarity of boys. You yourself—supposing you to be an average person—feel no necessity for it. You read the daily papers, novels, and occasionally the time-tables. That is enough for you. But a boy ought to desire more; his natural instincts would make him devour greedily anything that was at all high-toned, such as history, metaphysics, poetry. Unfortunately some boys will rebel against their natural instincts.

At one time of my life I was assistant to a boy-trainer. We had boys sent there to be broken in, and some of them simply would not obey their natural instincts, but seemed to loathe good intellectual diet. I have known boys who seemed to really want to starve their souls, although I do not remember a single instance of one who cared about starving his body. For a short time every day we used to give them slices of English poetry to digest and get by heart. "I hate that rep.," one of them said to me dejectedly, "and they've gone and stuck me in the scrum, and put Pilbury, who can't play any more than a cow, half-back in my place. Rot, I call it." All this was said quite distinctly; you could not have told that you were not listening to the sounds of the human voice. There are only a few words in the sentence which distinguish it from our own ordinary articulate speech. I have quoted it, however, chiefly to show that a boy cannot be depended upon to follow his own natural instincts in the matter of poetry; in many cases, unless he is made to take it, he will deny himself. I have thrown a boy a great piece of "Sordello," and seen him sniff at it, and then go away and browse on Harrison Ainsworth, which of course was not good for him. We may notice, too, that in this boy's remarks there was something suspiciously like logical coherence. I have, in fact, noticed less logical coherence in the speech of a live member of Parliament—there is a very fair collection of these, by the way, somewhere at Westminster. But then the boy was saying all he meant, and the member of Parliament was repeating as much as he could recollect.

The main difference between dogs and boys is this: the tamer a dog is, the more tricks he will do, but in the boy's case the number of tricks varies inversely as the tameness. In fact, it is not necessary to teach a boy tricks at all; give him high spirits, a pewter squirt, and a window commanding a thoroughfare, and nature will do the rest. There is another distinction between these two animals. Dogs generally have the distemper when they are young; with boys a somewhat analogous complaint only occurs in very advanced boyhood. It is called sentimentalism. It is generally only a passing complaint, and not at all dangerous. The symptoms are easily discoverable. The boy mopes, and may be heard to remark that Ouida's "Strathmore" is the finest work in the English language. He hangs up a photograph in his kennel, and begins to be dissatisfied with his neckties. How are you to cure him? You can, if you like, put a little sulphur—any chemist will supply it—in the boy's drinking-water, as in the case of sick canaries; but if you do, it is probable that the boy will take it out of you in some other way. It is better to apply the "School Magazine" at once; several ounces of distressing verse have been extracted in this way from bad cases. Perhaps the best remedy is to place the patient in the society of boys who have not got the complaint. The healthy boys will probably kick the sufferer, and this will do him good.

This article might well conclude with several instances of the marvellous instinct displayed by boys. But the space at my disposal is limited; I can assure you, however, that not only are boys, as I have said, often more intelligent than rabbits and canaries, but stories of their intelligence and imitative power would be comparatively fresh. The journalistic imagination has played freely round the guinea-pig and the cockatoo, but has left the boy untouched. You have only to acquire a boy, and get rid of your conscience; then you can make the stories for yourself. I may add that quite the best people in London now have boys in their houses; a couple of well-bred Eton-marked nephews look very well in a drawing-room. But it is sometimes difficult to make them stop here.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXVI.—At the Lord Mayor's Show.

THE fog which lay over London during the early morning of Monday was slowly lifting as the sight-seers gathered in Fleet Street. In the enclosure of the Church of St. Clement Danes, troops of eager children were taking their places on the stages. On the roadway, gravel was being thrown from the contractors' carts. The lower part of some of the shop windows was protected by planks against the expected crush; in others seats took the place of the usual wares. Every moment the crowd grew thicker and rougher. Such decoration as was attempted in Fleet Street seemed to be chiefly devoted to the sweet uses of advertisement. The bells of St. Dunstan's, however, rang out their welcome; and long before the hour at which the procession was expected, the streets and roadway were packed. If the popularity of a Lord Mayor is to be judged from the size of the crowd which gathers to see his show, then the Lord Mayor is popular indeed. Occasionally a mail-cart struggled through the crowd. The mounted police seemed to be disliked, and in some places were hooted; they kept their temper well, as also did their horses, under somewhat trying circumstances.

The daily papers assured us next morning that the crowd was good-humoured; we even read that they ranged themselves quietly and in good order. We fear that these remarks must be taken with some limitations. In one part of Fleet Street, at least, the crowd consisted chiefly of loafers and roughs, not of working men. It is not a particularly safe thing to keep a vast crowd of this nature waiting in so narrow a thoroughfare as Fleet Street. They get a little impatient, and require some amusement to occupy their minds. Their amusement in

this case consisted of assaulting, hustling, and generally ill-treating anyone who wore an ordinary silk hat. In most instances the owner of such a hat lost it altogether. It was thrown about from one man to another in the crowd, and trampled under foot. As a rule, the crowd packed themselves so closely round their victim that he was unable to raise his arms in self-defence. One or two men got safely through under police protection, but there were not nearly enough police at this point. Of course, this was simple good-humour on the part of the crowd, and it was undoubtedly very funny. One of the great lessons which we learn from the stage is that anything which is done to a silk hat must necessarily be very funny. We may notice, however, that some of those who were hustled and had their hats destroyed in this deliciously humorous way did not appear to be particularly rich men; if they had had the value of their hat in money stolen from them, it would not have been assigned to good-humour. Some of those who were assaulted in this way by these louts were old men—old and feeble. A cry was raised of "Let the women alone!" but not much notice was taken of it; yet, as they did not wear silk hats, it is difficult to find any excuse for the brutal treatment which they received.

The procession came at last. Away in the grey distance one noticed a line of brilliant flashing spots passing slowly through the sombre crowd; the effect was produced by the sun shining on the helmets of the firemen. Then came the mounted police clearing the way, and doing it very cleverly. The crowd were orderly enough while the procession went past. They cheered the little boys in sailor jackets; they cheered the heroes of Balaclava. Youth, innocence, and heroism touched the tender hearts of the crowd—the gallant fellows who a few minutes before had been ill-treating women and hustling feeble old men. In the *New Review* for last December a director of a Lord Mayor's Show gave some of his experiences. He described how the City magnates "rumbled along, to their own complete satisfaction, in seedy broughams and decrepit shandrydans," and absolutely declined to hire for the occasion decent equipages. Only four of the livery companies attended on Monday. In point of pictorial effect, perhaps nothing was lost. But it was pitiable to have to think that a mean squabble had been one of the chief factors in the composition of the procession. Good-feeling and unanimity seem essential on such occasions. The cars, we are told, were very artistic, but the trail of Drury Lane was over them all. On one car the busts of great men were stuck up on sticks; it wanted only the hoarse-voiced appeal to "Roll, bowl, or pitch—three shies a penny." Obviously great pains had been taken in the arrangement of the procession, and much money had been spent to please the people. This is very good and praiseworthy. Yet it was impossible to watch the crowd and the show without calling to one's mind the most familiar words in Juvenal. Now, as then, if we may trust the words of General Booth, it is not only for the Circenses that the people are crying.

One has no wish to accuse the crowd—even the small section of it to which reference has been made here—of bad temper. It is simply that they do not seem to know how brutal it is to be rough with the weak and defenceless. At one corner a boy—a mere child—had climbed up on to a lamp-post. A man pulled him down, and took his place. A very old woman who was with the child remonstrated.

"That was the boy's place," she said, "and 'e can't see nothing standin' doun 'ere, and I can't lift 'im."

"The boy takes 'is chawnce, and I take mine. And I don't want none o' *your* interference," was the reply of the sulky lout.

Of course the reply is not given exactly as the man gave it. It is impossible to report three words of a man of this stamp without having to omit one adjective. He was not a working man; he was a loafer. One knows the type—the battered green-black felt hat, the suspiciously short hair, the cruel pasty face, the wisp of something that was once a handkerchief tied tightly round the throat, and the long tattered coat. Why do not the working men take these fellows in hand, and teach them a few things? These brutes do more than anyone or anything else to injure the cause of the poor.

It is to the children probably that the Show is the most unmixed delight. They know nothing of the livery companies, of squabbles behind the scenes, or of artistic merit. They can see it without suffering from second thoughts. The music, the fine dresses, and the cars delight them. Most of them manage better than the boy who was removed from his lamp-post. I saw one lean, ragged girl, in charge of a smaller sister, go through a twenty-foot crowd like a bradawl. She did not force her way; she simply squirmed through wherever there was any vacant space whatever. By so doing she made herself distinctly unpopular, but for this she did not seem to greatly care. She never once lost hold of the little sister until she had emerged on the right side of the crowd, where she took up her position between two policemen, and grew critical about the procession.

THE WEEK.

MR. LOUIS STEVENSON'S account of his wanderings in the South Seas has already been received in manuscript in this country, and its publication will shortly commence. We believe it is to appear in the first instance in a syndicate of American newspapers. The tale MR. STEVENSON has to tell is no hackneyed one. In the course of his voyage he had often to dine with cannibals, and he has much to say of the manners and customs of those who are surely the gentlest-mannered man-eaters that ever feasted upon "long pig." To his friends in England the chief interest in the record of his travels is his formal announcement of his resolve to spend the rest of his days among the islands of the Pacific. His house is already being built at Samoa, and it is from that lovely spot that the famous author will in future address the reading world.

MR. G. W. SMALLEY'S interest in British politics has made him a Unionist, but it is quite certain that but for MR. GLADSTONE he would long ago have relinquished the task of instructing the readers of the *New York Tribune*. His two stout volumes of "London Letters" are literally haunted by MR. GLADSTONE. Much space is devoted to a description of two Midlothian campaigns, and a very good description it is. But MR. GLADSTONE is everywhere. What he said of others, what he wrote to "Dear MR. SMALLEY," what others are like in comparison with him, all this, in short, makes MR. GLADSTONE the arbiter of MR. SMALLEY'S world. The eye of the Ancient Mariner was a poor, ineffectual orb, compared with the eye of MR. GLADSTONE when it rests on MR. SMALLEY. It is fair to say that MR. GLADSTONE on the platform and in the House of Commons has seldom been drawn with more sympathetic appreciation than in these volumes; and this makes us wish that all our Unionists were Americans.

THERE is a curious anecdote of THACKERAY in MR. DE LEON'S "Reminiscences." The writer knew the great novelist so well that he was permitted the privilege of sitting in the library where THACKERAY was at work. Unfortunately it was the period of the decline—of "Philip"—when THACKERAY said that both he and DICKENS were imposing on the public by "digging out more dross than ore." He knew that he and his great contemporary had said pretty

nearly all that was in them, and he confessed that "Philip" was prolonged because he wanted to add another storey to his house in Kensington. We can see the Kensington brickwork in not a few pages of "Philip," but it is a good deal more interesting than many a later structure of much loftier pretensions.

MESSRS. GRAVES, of Pall Mall, have just issued a very beautiful reproduction in photogravure of MR. FRANK DICKSEE'S well-known picture "The Symbol." The plate is by HAUFSLÆRGL, of Munich, and is an admirable work, admirably printed. Of the picture itself we need say little. It is one of MR. DICKSEE'S most striking paintings, and this reproduction will be eagerly received by the public.

L'Ami des Femmes, performed at the St. James's Theatre on Monday night for the first time in England, is, like all the pieces of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, brilliant in expression and kindly in tone; while, unlike some of them, it possesses a healthy moral. If a man rejoicing in all the qualities that please women, and taking, moreover, a genuine interest in them, were to set himself the task of helping them out of their troubles instead of pursuing towards them a course which cannot but bring troubles upon them, what a benefactor such a man would be! That is the thesis which, in *L'Ami des Femmes*, M. DUMAS develops on the stage. To play the part of "woman's friend" it is above all necessary not to be a "ladies' man." It seems desirable, moreover, to be without too much of the ordinary virile susceptibility to female charms; and it is important that the women who are to be assisted out of whatever scrapes they may have got into shall not show themselves over-grateful for the services rendered to them. M. de Ryons, the genial hero of *L'Ami des Femmes*, seemed at one time on the point of succumbing to the influence of the fascinating Madame de Simerose, who mistakes the interest he displays in her welfare for personal affection. M. de Ryons wishes to save her from the compromising attentions of a lover, and to reconcile her to a husband with whom she has had a misunderstanding, which is prolonged only because neither side will make the first advances towards the *status quo ante*.

THE "friend of women" so arranges matters that a letter of appointment addressed to the lover—a romantic, fiery young man delighting in mysterious messages, midnight meetings, and intrigue relieved by danger, for whom Madame de Simerose entertains no genuine affection—is sent on to the husband, who, never suspecting that the letter can have been intended for anyone else, fancies himself summoned to his wife's side, and is received with effusion, as though he had come of his own free will. M. de Ryons' diplomatic device is worked out with a skill of which, in a few lines of comment, no adequate idea can be given; and the clever diplomatist, who has succeeded in replacing ill-feeling and impending war by the most harmonious peace, is rewarded for his cleverness, his uprightness, and his self-command, by the hand of an ingenuous heiress, daughter of one of the Princes of France, who, after rejecting hundreds of offers from interested suitors, offers herself to the only disinterested man she has ever known. The part of M. de Ryons is perfectly played by M. VALBEL; and the Madame de Simerose finds a charming representative in MLLE. STUART.

THE latest movement at Oxford is against the division first made in 1852 of the classical honours schools into "Mods" and "Greats": the first examination being professedly literary, and the second historical and philosophical. Greats—the peculiar possession and pride of Oxford, for there is no other examination the least like it in the wide world—has hitherto braved all the attacks of the specialists; but "Mods" has ceased to satisfy even its chief exponent, the college tutor. It was, its opponents say, an excellent invention in the year 1852, but much has happened since then: schoolboys are better taught, and the poets and orators of Greece and Rome have been so translated and annotated that little is left to the student except the mechanical acquisition of the accepted translation, and the fashionable commentary. It is difficult for the bravest to lecture on SOPHOCLES when the class has JEBB'S edition open before it. "Mods," in fact, has few friends, but hitherto no one has been found of sufficient standing and influence to head a real movement for reform.

AT last a champion has appeared. The President of Corpus, flushed with his triumphant re-election to Council, has sent a letter to the *Oxford Magazine* proposing the most radical changes. The honours course, he holds, should be reduced from four to three years, and as for Mods, either something of it must be incorporated in Greats, or it must be put quite early in the first year, instead of, as now, in the fifth term of a man's residence. It is very likely that one of these changes will be made. On the whole, there is perhaps more to be said for the first: the separation of the poets and orators of Greece and Rome from the historians and philosophers has not worked well in practice, and the study of both has suffered in consequence. And if the honours course can be reduced to three years, the fourth will be set free for more special studies, and the professors will at last have their chance of securing pupils.

WITH November the lecture season sets in. In a few weeks it will be in full blast all over the country, and it is probable that at least five hundred literary and scientific institutes in various parts of the Kingdom are ready now with "programmes" bristling with alluring names. For lecturing has become quite a lucrative business in this country; there is brisk competition for notabilities and notorieties; and literary persons possessing (in addition to a dress suit) any sort of standing in the market have a chance of adding to the pecuniary trifle which they may be lucky enough to squeeze out of their publishers. Many others are in the running besides the literary men. Popular scientists, explorers, fashionable parsons, "special correspondents" (a magic-lantern indispensable), artists (the chalk-and-blackboard ones command their own price)—all of these may try their luck on the platform nowadays, thanks to the admirable manner in which lecturing as a business has been organised in England. Big prices are paid for "names"; and the ordinary fee of from five to ten guineas means a good round sum at the end of the season to the lecturer who has "worked up a connection."

BUT a word in the ear of the wise. In these days no one can lecture on his name alone. He may do it for a season; but if he does not succeed in hitting his audiences, he need not hope to be engaged a second time. The common (and often also the most distinguished) literary man is seldom a good lecturer. He writes an essay, and reads it from his manuscript. That is nearly always fatal. Let the matter of a lecture be as good as it may (we are speaking of the popular, not of the academic or didactic lecture), it is of less consequence than the manner of the lecturer. A touch of the actor is indispensable to success on the lecturer's platform; yet very few lecturers study gesture, which is of great importance; or the art of familiar speaking, which is of the utmost importance. Two distinct gifts go to the making of an

ideal popular lecture: the art of the writer, and the art of the speaker; and it would be better for five "lecturers" out of every six if they could entrust their manuscripts for delivery to some such person as the professional *rhetor* of classic Greece.

It is some months since we announced in these pages the approaching retirement of Sir James Kitson from the Presidency of the National Liberal Federation. Sir James, who is a man of great strength of character and of high intelligence, has been able, despite the demands of a business of no common magnitude, to do great service to the Liberal cause during his six years' presidency of the Federation. He has just returned from the United States, where he has been performing important duties as President of the Iron and Steel Institute. Though retiring from the chair of the Federation he will retain his touch with political affairs, and there is every reason to believe that he will be found in the next House of Commons as the representative of an important Yorkshire constituency.

His successor as President of the National Liberal Federation will be Dr. Robert Spence Watson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Dr. Watson has long been known as the leader of the Liberal party in the northern town in which Liberalism was once associated with the name of Mr. Joseph Cowen. He is a writer of high merit, an excellent speaker, a man of culture, and a politician of wide sympathies and advanced views. The Federation could not have found a better successor to Sir James Kitson. It is not the case, by the way, as one of our contemporaries states, that Dr. Watson was the founder of the National Liberal Club. But he has real claims of his own on the gratitude of the Liberal party, and these he is certain to extend during his term of office.

Is there no one to say a word for the Czar? In this region we like to stay our judgment until we have heard both sides of a question; but the Czar seems determined that, in the matter of the Siberian atrocities, we shall hear no voices but those on the side of the prosecution. Roughly speaking, every other month sees a new witness in the box with some fresh testimony against the Russian penal system as applied to the "politicals." The indictment is a fearful one as it stands; it is being extended continually; but official Russia is dumb, and contents itself with tearing out the criminatory articles that are printed almost month by month in the English and Transatlantic reviews. M. Felix Volkhovsky is the accuser this month. He has his fling in the *Fortnightly* and the *New Review*. In the former he tells the story of his own life in Russian prisons, and in the latter he writes of the "Sufferings of Russian Exiles." The sympathies of the reader are pretty equally divided between M. Volkhovsky himself, tortured into deafness and general physical debility (in the *Fortnightly*), and a certain Madame Koválskaya, stripped of her bedgarment on a winter's night by order of the Baron Korff, who flogged Madame Sihida to death (in the *New Review*). What has the Czar to say? For civilised Europe is beginning to feel a trifle sore on this subject.

"So you think, sir," writes "Blinkhoolie," "that it is a pity that Lord Randolph Churchill 'is entirely without any literary occupation to beguile his leisure.' How do you know that he is leisurely, and 'without literary occupation'? You are aware, no doubt, that Lord Randolph is now a member of the Jockey Club. You may not be aware, however, that he is the most silent member of that body; which is to say, in other words, that he does the whole thinking of the Club. Have you heard nothing, sir, of these rumours of scandals with which the atmosphere of racing circles is thick just now—'jockey-rings' and the malpractices of 'professional backers,' and so forth? Did we hear of these things until Lord Randolph took to racing? The members of the Jockey Club little knew what they were about when they admitted amongst them a Radical M.P. disguised for the nonce as one of themselves, an aristocratic sportsman. Do you think, sir, that he goes to Newmarket in a pot hat and gaiters for the pleasure of backing his fancy? That imaginary betting-book of his will take shape one day as the Blue-book of the modern turf. It is not the odds that he enters in it, sir. When he takes Colonel North to the corner, it is not to ask the Colonel's opinion of the favourite. You will see the Jockey Club bestirring itself by-and-by, when the flat-racing season is at an end; and then it will be known how the Silent Member has been bestowing his 'leisure.' I enclose my card, and shall be happy to tell your readers why it is that nothing has been backed as yet for the Derby."

Italian politics must be in a curious condition. Says an evening paper: "The veto against the participation of Catholics in political elections is declared to apply to all the provinces of the kingdom of Italy." As most Italians are Catholics, in name at all events, this seems to be rather sweeping. An Italian election in which no Catholics participated would be a trifle dull, and the officials might have some difficulty in discovering the state of the poll. If Mr. Balfour ever reads this well-informed evening paper, he may be inspired to issue an edict that no Irishman is to vote who is on speaking terms with a priest.

The new Lord Mayor has a taste for quotation. He favoured his guests at the Guildhall with "Arma virumque cano." When he next addresses a distinguished assembly, he will probably introduce them to "Tempus edax rerum," and to that battle-cry of the tyrants of our youth, "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes," etc. There is evidently something in the dignity of the Lord Mayor's office which causes quite an epidemic of platitudes even among Her Majesty's judges, who are famous for the originality of their minds. Mr. Justice Denman reminded the Lord Mayor that "all is not gold that glitters." Next November he will probably address Mr. Savory's successor in these immortal words: "Be good and you will be happy."

Nobody seems to have noticed how Lord Halsbury distinguished himself at the Guildhall banquet. He was tremendously eloquent about the authority of the law, and the iniquity of people who dared to call it in question. It would not be so serious if these persons could be corrected on the spot by an "enlightened Bar," but, unfortunately, Tory barristers cannot always be present when Lord Halsbury's political opponents are dragging down the administration of justice. Here the Lord Chancellor's feelings proved too much either for him or for the reporters, and he seems to have lost himself or them in a long sentence, the only intelligible part of which is that "the burglar is the natural enemy of the policeman." Whether Lord Halsbury imagined that he was at the Old Bailey, or whether he was dimly conscious of a desire to make his audience understand that the Liberal party are burglars, we do not pretend to determine.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy Bryant & May's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

WE have no wish to discuss the question of the pictures by M. GARNIER, recently on view at the Rabelais Exhibition, which have just been condemned by the police magistrate at Bow Street. Not having enjoyed the doubtful advantage of seeing the pictures themselves, we are in no position either to endorse or condemn the magisterial decision. But of one thing we may rest assured: the condemnation of these works of art by an eminent French painter, and their destruction by order of an English magistrate, will be regarded on the other side of the Channel as fresh evidence of the hypocritical prudishness of the Englishman. Indeed, we must all admit that it is somewhat unfortunate that these pictures, in which the Parisians gloried, should have been condemned in the very week which has witnessed the horrible revelations of English doings on the Congo.

GENERAL BOOTH'S great scheme has certainly aroused public interest and sympathy in a degree only comparable to the effect produced by the publication of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London." It is to be hoped the results will be more substantial. The amateur economists have had their say in the columns of the *Standard* and elsewhere, and a great meeting is to be held on Monday at Exeter Hall to hear further details of the scheme. The PRINCE OF WALES is said to take a strong interest in it. The DUKE OF FIFE has sent £100; and MR. BANCROFT has challenged society to produce ninety-nine men who will join him in making up the requisite £100,000. The appeal signed by ministers of various denominations, and circulated last Saturday, obtained some response on Sunday morning, and will probably meet with a good deal more.

THE creature who is called a "dude" in America has not hitherto produced a literature. This drawback has preyed upon the spirit of a certain WARD MCALLISTER, who has accordingly written a book to redeem the "dude" from the reproach of mental sterility. In this useful work MR. MCALLISTER instructs his fellow "dudes" on the importance of imitating the Englishmen who do not drink new champagne. The author has also much to say about the launching of American belles on the ocean of society, an art in which he is an adept. Sometimes the belles come to grief; witness the instance of the lady who jogged the KING OF BAVARIA in the ribs with her elbow just to see what it was like. MR. MCALLISTER remarks with concise but awful severity, that he ceased to navigate that craft. The book throws an agreeable light on the social aspirations of American society, and MR. MCALLISTER ought to be encouraged to publish a manual for beginners every year.

ROMANCE UP TO DATE.

WHAT follows is obviously a contribution to the romance *v.* realism agitation. The two speakers were my boy Edward and a street arab, who had been introduced into the household for a day (by my wife) that dear Edward might correct the vulgar lad's tastes. The talk came to me through an open doorway.

"Fancy a chap never having read 'Ivanhoe!'"

"Never read nothink, s'help me. Wot kind'er cove was he?"

"He was a brick. He licked them all at the tournament, you know. That is a fight to show which is the best man, with all the nobles looking on."

"I know what yer mean. He was a Pelican."

"No, a Saxon."

"Did he wear gloves?"

"I forget. Yes, I think he did."

"Then I wouldn't ha' give a brown to see him; 'cause why?—it wasn't no match."

"That's all you know. Why, he nearly killed a lot of them."

"Did he hook it?"

"Run away? I should think not!"

"And the beaks didn't nab him for manslaughter? My eye!"

"There were no policemen in those days."

"Yer say so? Then wot did they do fighting with gloves?"

"They had gloves on their hands, but they fought with spears and lances."

"Oh, I know. Was Ivinghoe better than Jo Tierney?"

"Of course he was. Who is Jo Tierney?"

"Golly! you never heard of Jo Tierney? Why, he does the sword exercise at the Troc."

"What is the Troc.?

"Oh, Lor! It's the Trocadero 'All, that's wot it is. Jo is champion."

"Ivanhoe would have licked him jolly quick."

"Go 'long. Was Ivinghoe ever at the Troc.? I never heard of him. I tell yer I know a man as has spoke to Jo, familiar like."

"Ivanhoe is dead, else he would win the championship. Why, he beat the Templar, though he was sick with fever at the time and the Templar in good form."

"Templar were a muff then. How did he beat him?"

"The Templar would have won, you see, but just when Ivanhoe was being licked owing to his health——"

"I know. The comic card come in and points his finger at Templar, and says he, 'Come on to gaol, old cock.'"

"Rot! The Templar was killed by the intervention of God."

"Wot's that?"

"He died all at once."

"Then Ivinghoe didn't win. Did they give him the prize money?"

"They didn't fight for money, but glory."

"Glory? That's a belt, aint it?"

"No, but the victor got the armour of the man that he licked."

"Wot's armour?"

"Clothes of mail."

"Was Ivinghoe and Templar same size?"

"No, the Templar was bigger. Why, Ivanhoe beat another baron twice his size, called Front de Bœuf."

"Good old Frumtybouf! I say, them clothes would have to be took in. Do yer think Jo would take a cove's clothes? Why, he gets fifty pound a week."

"Can Jo shoot?"

"'Tain't his line."

"There's a fellow in 'Ivanhoe' who shot better than anybody that ever lived."

"Go 'long."

"It's quite true. Everybody knows about him."

"Wot's his name?"

"He had lots of names, but his real name was Robin Hood. He could——"

"Yah! Robin Hood, wy, I've seen him."

"No, you haven't. He's dead."

"I tell you I've seen him. Call him the best shooter! Wy, he's only a gal."

"That's rubbish. How could he be a girl when he was a man? What do you know about him?"

"You mean Robin Hood wot was a robber, and shot the deer. Bless yer innocent 'art, ain't I seen him at the Standard? He were only Fanny de Verey in boy's clothes."

"Look here, I'll lick you if you say that."

"Like to see yer try."

"Well, I won't, because this is my papa's house. But don't you go saying things against Robin Hood. Why, he could split a wand a hundred yards away with his arrow."

"That ain't much."

"That's all you know."

"Could he hit a candle, firing between his legs?"

"Nobody could do that."

"Couldn't he just. Little Billy Millar does it at the Metropolitan."

"Where is that?"

"Ain't you jolly ignorant?"

"Look here, Robin Hood could have hit a candle, firing between his legs."

"Could he have flung up three glass balls and hit them all before they fell?"

"Does Billy Millar do that?"

"Yes."

"So could Robin Hood."

"Did he do it?"

"Yes, he did."

"When?"

"Heaps of times. He hit four glass balls."

"There ain't a cove in that there book as strong as Sandow?"

"How strong is Sandow?"

"He could have lifted Ivinghoe up with his little finger."

"No he couldn't. I'll tell you who could knock Sandow into a jelly."

"Samson?"

"No, Richard Cœur-de-lion."

"Is he a cove in the book?"

"Yes, and he was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Go 'long with yer! How much could he lift with his teeth?"

"He could knock down a bullock with one blow from the shoulder."

"With the gloves?"

"With his bare fist."

"So could the Amazon Queen."

"A woman! That's a whopper."

"You go and see her at the Pav."

"Where is that?"

"The Pavilion, of course. Why, she puts an anvil on her chest and lets the strongest man in the pit 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on it hard as he can, and, bless you, she only grins at him. Could Richard Coorylong do that?"

"Yes, he could."

"But did he?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In this book."

"Could he break a thick iron chain with his muscles?"

"As easily as he could eat his dinner."

"That's nothink. The Amazon Queen swings on the trapeze with cannon balls tied to her legs."

"She does? By Jove! But so did Richard."

"When?"

"At Ivanhoe's marriage. I say——"

"Wot?"

"Look here—speak low. I would like to see her. Where is the Pav.?"

"Ain't you green! Why, it's in Piccadilly Circus."

"How much to pay?"

But here I thought fit to interrupt the conversation.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"MODERN CRITICISM AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL."

SIR,—To say that Dr. Watkins holds the "reports" in the Fourth Gospel to be "*verbatim* reports," and its "narratives" to be "literal objective records of pure historic fact," is to misrepresent him grievously, and I am sincerely sorry that the misrepresentation should have been made. Let me assure him that the words ["he holds"] of which he justly complains were not written by me, and that had I happened to see a proof, they would have been removed, and the offending sentence brought into reasonable consistency with the rest of the article, the general tenor of which, I think, does something to show how far he is from maintaining any such opinion as that in one passage so injuriously imputed to him.

Justice, however, compels me again to claim for the view so earnestly repudiated by Dr. Watkins any advantage that can be gained from the sanction of long tradition. The "judgment of the ages," I submit, is, that the Fourth Gospel is both genuine and authentic; in other words, that it was written by the ostensible author, and also that it relates matters of fact as they really happened. Or has Dr. Watkins any other definition of "genuineness" and "authenticity" to offer? As against the "traditional view" it is "negative" criticism to say (with Luthardt) that "if we only had this gospel, we should have no correct picture of the method of Jesus's teaching," or (with Beyschlag) that "the manner in which Christ spoke and preached can be learnt authentically only from the synoptists," or (with Weiss) that the original words of Jesus have been so mixed up everywhere with apostolic explanations and interpretations, and in various places so severed from the true historical connections in which they were spoken that, viewed as history, the Fourth Gospel must be received with caution. It is "worse than confusing" to speak of Weiss as having given a very strong "presentation of the ancient view," when, as regards the authenticity, he has not presented the ancient view at all, but something quite different. To the old apologists the authenticity was the all-important thing, and the genuineness was hardly worth fighting for except as a guarantee of that. To Dr. Watkins and the other writers whom I have named, the genuineness seems to have become everything, while the admitted want of perfect authenticity is actually laid hold of by some of them as a positive argument for the apostolic authorship.

In view of the fact that many eminent living scholars still maintain the negative alike as to the genuineness and as to the authenticity, I do not see how Dr. Watkins can assert that the positive is to the negative criticism as "positive unity" is to "positive zero" unless he intends that they and their arguments should be treated as negligible quantities. That he was prepared so to treat both I not unnaturally inferred from the statement just alluded to, combined with his declaration (p. 350) "I have made no attempt—though in our age it has been not seldom put forward as an excellence—to look at opinions altogether apart from the personality of those who have formed them." I have no wish to press either upon Dr. Watkins or upon your readers any inferences of my own from these words. Only let it be clearly understood that if, in a question where personality enters, the personality of any of the negative critics who are still unsilenced is to be allowed to count for something, it is premature to suggest, as Dr. Watkins seems to do, that the truth of the traditional view in its various aspects has been made out with infinite certainty.—I am, etc., YOUR REVIEWER.

November 10th, 1890.

[WE regret exceedingly that through an inadvertence in revising the review of Dr. Watkins's work, words should have been attributed to Dr. Watkins which he did not use. For this error our reviewer is in no way responsible.—ED. SPEAKER.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, Nov. 14th, 1890.

THE Alexanders of literature are beginning to realise that there is a bad time coming for them. There will soon be no more worlds, not even tiny microcosms, for them to conquer. Twenty years ago the full tide of reprinting set in, and poets in shoals were brought to land. Among the Alexanders came the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, who conquered a regular galaxy or milky way of glimmering poeticules, and practically left very little for successors to do. (I wish he would finish his "Spenser," the nine great volumes of which are practically useless, because he will not give us the tenth and last.) Mr. Arber, appealing to a wider audience, and others, whose names will occur to my readers, did much. Everybody opened his casement, like Anacreon, to let in some forlorn little wet-winged Elizabethan poet to be dried at the fire, and then snugly put to bed in clean India-paper sheets. But to all things, even to the resuscitation of old poetasters, there comes an end. The publishers give us no more unreprinted lyrists; and this is scarcely odd, because they've printed every one.

There is only one reprinter of inedited poets left, but he is—if I may be allowed to be invidious—the best we have ever had. I weep when I think that Mr. A. H. Bullen has come into our world so late. He should have flourished when the British Museum

cases were still full of unknown quartos of dimly-printed verse. As it is, he has made us richer by a "Campion," and out of the quaint music-books of the seventeenth century, from between those rows of pretty notes that once quivered to the lute or the virginals, and now are silent for evermore, he has extracted the most winning and naïve of anonymous love-songs. But it is only among the dramatists that he has really had a fair chance of showing what manner of editor he is. He has produced masterly editions of the three M.'s, Marlowe, Middleton, and Marston, for the public, and to private lovers of rare things he has distributed a succession of stout volumes, bound in vellum, and printed on creamy Dutch paper, which are possessions of price. But even among the dramatists, alas! there is not much left for Mr. Bullen to do. I see that the *Athenæum* airily suggests that he should "tackle Day."

Now, it so happens, as we know to our cost, we bibliomaniacs, that Mr. Bullen "tackled" Day in 1881, before he had hit upon his charming little *format* of the small white quarto. The consequence is that Day does not fit with his brethren on the shelf, and is, moreover, though a "sweet Day" within, bulgy, broken-backed, and detestable outside. None the less, Mr. Bullen's "Day" is a treasure, though not quite so judiciously edited, I think, as it would be if he had it now to do. Meanwhile, if it be very closely inquired who of the dramatists are left for Mr. Bullen to take up, besides Rowley, whom he has in hand, I can only think of Goffe, the meek little henpecked parson who wrote such bloody tragedies; and Jasper Mayne, the Rabelaisian Canon of Christchurch who played off the red-herring practical joke on his death-bed; and Robert Daborne, of whose splendidly incoherent "Christian turn'd Turk," read twenty years ago among the Garrick quartos of the British Museum, I retain a vague impression. I cannot remember that any other shivering loves of old dramatists are beating their wings at Mr. Bullen's lattice.

The last that he has taken in and comforted is Robert Davenport, who reaches me (as a patient subscriber) in the vellum back with sparse gilt lettering that I love. Who confesses to being conversant with the works of R. D., Gent., as he is generally called? Mr. Swinburne in 1882 spared him one line in a sonnet:—

> "Soft Davenport, sad-robed, but blithe and bland;"

Charles Lamb, with his unerring instinct, hit upon "much passion and poetry" in a scene in *King John and Matilda;* Mr. Saintsbury has given him a line and a half of judicious appreciation; and this is all the modern notice that I can find had been taken of Davenport when Mr. Bullen caught him between these vellum covers.

But Davenport, obscure in his own age as in ours, had his moment of adulation. One human being thought (or said) that he was as great a poet as Shakespeare, and this a whole generation after Shakespeare's death. The New England farmer who told Mr. Emerson that he did not believe there were twelve men in the State of Massachusetts who could have written *Hamlet* was evidently of the same order of intellect as Samuel Sheppard, who made and published this flattering expression with regard to Davenport in 1651. Our poet ought to have cherished Mr. Sheppard; he was not destined to meet with his like again. These are the words of the bold critic:—

> "Nay, we will yield ourselves, and this confess:
> Thou rival'st Shakespeare, though thy glory's less."

We know of the life of Davenport as much as we know of that of most of his more eminent compeers, as much as of Ford, or Webster, or Middleton—that is to say, nothing. No one has even a conjectural knowledge of the year of his birth or the year of his death. He is first heard of in 1624, when two, if not three, of his plays were licensed. He reappears faintly in 1640, and is then lost to sight, distant reverberations of his name, possibly posthumous, being audible in 1655 and 1660. Mr. Bullen gathers together all the little scraps of information which can be obtained, but they practically amount to nothing. He does not, by the way, remark that the lost comedy, *A Fool and Her Maidenhood Soon Parted*, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, November 29, 1653, is believed to have been Davenport's. The only definite facts that we can catch hold of, therefore, are that our dramatist appears to belong to the latest Jacobean school, with Massinger and Shirley, and that three of his undoubted plays have escaped the fires of Warburton's all-devouring cook.

As we read these loosely constructed and decadent dramas, we are divided between a sense of their inherent lack of style and the ragged splendour which still hangs about them in tatters. They have lost so much, and yet have retained so much, of the art of the Elizabethans that we are constantly revising our opinion of their positive merit as we read. What could be looser in plot, less theatrical, less actable upon any conceivable modern stage, than this five-act historical tragedy of *King John and Matilda?* Yet on every fifth page there is such a glow of poetry, the shambling blank verse is tightened into so felicitous a directness, there is so true a flash of psychological insight, that we withdraw all blame and relinquish ourselves to momentary admiration. I think that Davenport has a sort of accent of his own, though I should be sorry to be given an anonymous drama and be requested to swear whether it was his or no. He runs into rhyme whenever he can, and this gives his verse a special artificiality. He is a transitional figure, at the extreme close of the great dramatic period, connecting it with the Lowers and the Killigrews, the jingling writers of plays which were never to be played, who exercised their poor ingenuity during the Commonwealth. But he is far better than they are; he can, with a certain effort, still be read.

Sometimes the rhymes are very pretty. When Matilda dies, King John and his court come down, with a sad music of flutes, to greet her body. This is how they converse:—

> *King John.* Hang round, then, as you walk about this hearse,
> The songs of holy hearts, sweet virtuous verse.
> *Fitzwater.* Bring Persian silks to deck her monument;
> *King.* Arabian spices, quick'ning by their scent;
> *Fitzwater.* Numidian marble, to preserve her praise;
> *King.* Corinthian ivory, her sweet shape to raise;
> *Fitzwater.* And write in gold upon it: "In this breast
> Virtue sat mistress, passion but a guest."

And then they conduct the lovely corpse to its obsequies in Dunmow Abbey, and the tragedy is over. It strikes one as a grotesque circumstance that the part of Matilda was played by Master Andrew Pennycuicke, the publisher of the quarto edition. At the present moment, when the relations of the two classes attract so much attention, it may be interesting to note that a publisher once deigned to act in petticoats, as first lady, in the tragedy of one of his own clients. To explain the anomaly, it should be stated that *King John and Matilda* was probably produced about 1630, when Mr. Pennycuicke would be a smock-faced lad, and was not published until 1655, when the whilom Matilda was doubtless a portly, bearded burgess.

Davenport's two other plays are *The City Night-cap*—which many readers may know, because it was in the original Dodsley volumes—and *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, first published in 1639. This latter is, as Mr. Bullen says, "somewhat grotesque" in plot. It is infested with what M. Verlaine calls

"beaux démons, Satans adolescents," who are up to games of the wildest description from first to last. The third act contains a facetious scene of conjuring for a supper, according to the old trick by which you look through the keyhole, see the pasty and the sack hidden under the bed, enter the room, ask for supper, and being told there is nothing in the house, say you are a conjurer and can produce wine and meat anywhere—for example, under the bed. This is one of the crusted old jokes of the world, and can still be enjoyed in the family circle where there are quite young children. You cast a rapid eye over the tea-table, and then profess to have the power of telling what Augustus and Julia have been eating by tapping their persons with the finger. You say, "Bread and butter, I think? I am sure marmalade. What can this lump be in Julia's shoulder? I should have taken it to be shrimps, if I did not know that she had had no shrimps." At this moment, Augustus is perfectly certain to say, "Oh, but she has had shrimps!" Nor do either of the little sufferers begin to suspect you of having seen the remains of those crustaceans on their plates. This ancient sport is gaily performed in *A New Way to Cheat the Devil*.

Mr. Bullen is now engaged on Rowley. When he shall have delivered him up to us, what will he do next? I will take the liberty of mentioning to him thus publicly what I should like him to do. A text of Massinger, including those plays which have been discovered since Gifford's day, and purged of many absurdities in the original quartos, is greatly needed. No one is so well fitted as Mr. Bullen to redeem the English Racine from the present neglect into which his graceful and temperate beauties have fallen.

EDMUND GOSSE.

REVIEWS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT AT ABBOTSFORD. Two vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1890.

IT has been computed that, while the sale of the Waverley Novels was enormous during Sir Walter Scott's lifetime, it has been infinitely greater since his death. It is stated in a footnote to his Journal, on the authority of Mr. Francis Black, that 3,000,000 copies of a single edition have been sold since 1851. If an author's popularity is manifested by the sale of his works, then Scott's has not declined, and those who delight in his romances will doubtless be as eager to peruse his Journal. The whole of it is not published for the first time, yet the passages which Lockhart incorporated into the "Life" were sometimes altered so much that they read quite freshly in their original form.

Sir Walter Scott's Journal was kept under lock and key at Abbotsford till three years ago, when the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott placed it in Mr. David Douglas's hands to be prepared by him for publication. We can well believe, judging from the facsimiles which are given of Sir Walter's handwriting, that the task of deciphering and transcribing the whole must have been difficult and tedious. In the course of his Journal, Sir Walter makes repeated references to the badness of his handwriting. On the 22nd of June, 1828, there is this entry: "Had a note from Ballantyne complaining of my manuscript, and requesting me to read it over. I would give £1,000 if I could; but it would take me longer to read than to write. I cannot trace my *pieds de mouche* but with great labour and trouble." He writes on the 22nd of January, 1829: "They say that character is indicated by handwriting; if so, mine is crabbed enough"; and on the 20th of January, 1831: "I myself am sensible that my fingers begin to stammer—that is, I write one word instead of another very often." The last sentences which Sir Walter ever penned were written at Rome in the middle of April, 1832, and a facsimile of them is given in the preface. In his prime he wrote a good business hand, and the deterioration in his handwriting was the consequence of physical decay. We should think that the manuscript of the Journal must bear painful evidence of this. While ready enough to employ an amanuensis when preparing a work for publication, Sir Walter used his own pen when writing for himself. The manuscript Journal was furnished with a lock, and, till after his death, what he wrote in it was known to himself alone. He appears to have poured out his heart when penning the entries, and it is not wonderful that Lockhart should have decided against printing other than selected passages. Mr. Douglas states in the preface that "it now appears exactly as Scott left it—but for the correction of obvious slips of the pen and the omission of some details chiefly of family and domestic interest."

If the printed Journal had been merely a transcript from the manuscript, it would have excited without satisfying curiosity. There are many references in it which the ordinary reader will find obscure, many points which require explanation, and many quotations which none but scholars can trace. The editor has supplied notes making all these things clear, and many of the notes have a value equal to that of the text, some being unpublished letters of Sir Walter, of Lockhart, and others, and some being extracts from the unpublished reminiscences of James Skene and Ballantyne.

In the year 1805, Scott entered into partnership with James Ballantyne, whom he had known as a boy, and whom he had aided with his purse to begin business in Edinburgh as a printer, and who then wished him to make a further advance. Scott had a sum in hand with which he contemplated buying Broadmeadows, on the bank of the Yarrow, where he purposed leading the life of a poet and a country gentleman. Being reluctant to disappoint Ballantyne, and not wishing to lend him more money, he invested in his business the sum which he had in hand, receiving a third share in return. His association with Ballantyne was kept as secret as the authorship of the Waverley Novels, and it was a startling surprise to the public when it was found, on the firm of James Ballantyne & Co. becoming bankrupt early in 1826, that Sir Walter Scott was one of the partners, and that the liabilities for which he was personally responsible amounted to £130,000. A few weeks before this financial catastrophe, Sir Walter began to keep the Journal which is now published. He did so after reading Byron's manuscript diary, and he resolved to follow his example, "marking down events just as they occurred to recollection."

On the sad truth as to the Ballantyne failure being revealed, Sir Walter summoned his old friend, James Skene, told him what had taken place, that he was ruined, and the hand which he shook was that "of a beggar." He might have saved much from the wreck if he had followed the usual course in such emergencies. What he did was to assign his entire property to trustees to be held by them for the benefit of his creditors, and he pledged himself to devote all his powers to extinguishing his liabilities. His labours were as prodigious as the result. In the course of a very short time he reduced his indebtedness by £40,000. More than half of the debts of Ballantyne & Co. were paid off before the end of December, 1830. Shortly after his death in 1832, the entire amount then unpaid was handed to his creditors. He made a gallant and noble struggle, and his success is one of which every man of letters must be proud. The painful consideration is that his heroic effort shortened his days, and rendered his declining years periods of bitter anxiety and unremitting toil.

Many of Sir Walter's works were composed in his prime, under conditions which seemed immeasurably severe. A part of the story describing them was

given by Lockhart from Ballantyne's manuscript "Reminiscences." Mr. Douglas tells the story in full from the same source:—

"During the progress of composing 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' and 'Legend of Montrose'—a period of many months—Mr. Scott's health had become extremely indifferent, and was often supposed to place him in great danger. But it would hardly be credited, were it not for the notoriety of the fact, that although one of the symptoms of his illness was pain of the most acute description, yet he never allowed it to interrupt his labours. The only difference it produced, that I am aware of, was its causing him to employ the hand of an amanuensis in place of his own. Indeed, during the greater part of the day at this period he was confined to his bed. The person employed for this purpose was the respectable and intelligent Mr. William Laidlaw, who acted for him in this capacity in the country, and, I think, also attended him to town. I have often been present with Mr. Laidlaw during the short intervals of his labour, and it was deeply affecting to hear the account he gave of his patron's severe sufferings, and the indomitable spirit which enabled him to overmaster them. He told me that very often the dictation of Caleb Balderstone's and the old cooper's best jokes was mingled with groans extorted from him by pain; but that when he, Mr. Laidlaw, endeavoured to prevail upon him to take a little respite, the only answer he could obtain from Mr. Scott was a request that he would see the doors were carefully shut, so that the expressions of his agony might not reach his family—'As to stopping work, Laidlaw,' he said, 'you know that is wholly out of the question.'"

The curious fact is that Scott forgot what he had dictated, and that when he read one of his novels in print it was entirely new to him. An entry in his Journal on the 24th of February, 1828, gives an account of his manner of composition at that time. He had dined at Jeffrey's the night before, when he met Mrs. Sydney Smith and her daughter. The novel upon which he was engaged was "The Fair Maid of Perth":—

"I fancy I had drunk a glass or two overmuch last night, for I have the heartburn this morning. But a little magnesia salves that sore. Meantime I have had an *inspiration* which shows me my good angel has not left me. For these two or three days I have been at what the *Critic* calls a deadlock—all my incidents and persons ran into a Gordian knot of confusion, to which I could devise no possible extrication. I had thought on the subject several days with something like the despair which seized the fairy princess commanded by her ugly stepmother to assort a whole garret-full of tangled silk threads of every kind and colour, when in comes Prince Percinet with a wand, whisks it over the miscellaneous mass, and lo! all the threads are as nicely arranged as in a seamstress's housewife. It has often happened to me that when I went to bed with my head as ignorant as my shoulders what I was to do next, I have waked in the morning with a distinct and accurate conception of the mode, good or bad, in which the plot might be extricated. It seems to me that the action of the intellect, on such occasions, is rather accelerated by the little fever which an extra glass of wine produces on the system. Of course excess is out of the question. Now this may seem strange, but it is quite true; and it is no less so that I have generally written to the middle of one of these novels without having the least idea how it was to end—in short, at the *hab nab at a venture* style of composition. So now, this hitch being over, I fold my paper, I lock my Journal, and proceed to labour with good hope."

James Skene was a clever artist, and he agreed to prepare illustrations for "Waverley." A note written to him in 1829 by Sir Walter gives some interesting facts about the localities in his novels.

Many forgotten facts about the later days in which Sir Walter wrote are embalmed in his Journal. "Our young men of first fashion," he writes, "in whom tranquillity is the prime merit—a sort of quietism of foppery, if one may use the expression—have a capital name for a fellow that *outrés* and outroars the fashion, a sort of high-buck as they were called in my days. They now hold him a vulgarian, and call him a tiger." There are not many who know that Sir Walter held the office of Professor of Antiquities at the Royal Academy. Being in town in 1828, when the annual dinner took place, he was invited to it in virtue of his office. He writes:—"I was too late to see the paintings, but in perfect time to sit half an hour waiting for dinner, as the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, expected a prince of the blood. He came not, but there were enough of grandees besides. Sir Thomas Lawrence did the honours very well, and compliments flew about like sugarplums at an Italian carnival. I had my share, and pleaded the immunities of a sinecurist for declining to answer." Compliments still fly about at the Royal Academy dinner, but princes of the blood now make a point of attending. It is not often that Sir Walter says anything approaching self-praise. Were his modesty not perfectly genuine, it would seem absurd. One instance occurs in his Journal of his giving an estimate of his powers, which is very just. It was written after he had noted that Cadell had asked him to prepare a revised edition of "Tales of a Grandfather," a work of which he says that he "always had private hopes." He continues: "If I have a knack for anything, it is for selecting the striking and interesting points out of dull details, and hence I myself receive so much pleasure and instruction from volumes which are generally reputed dull and uninteresting. Give me facts, I will find fancy for myself."

The two volumes of Sir Walter's Journal are full of facts which will gratify the most unimaginative reader. They are quite as fascinating as some of his romances, and there can be no doubt about their being as extensively read. A portrait of Sir Walter Scott by John Graham Gilbert forms the frontispiece to the first volume, and one by Sir Francis Grant to the second.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects. By Mary Wollstonecraft. A New Edition, with an Introduction by Mrs. Henry Fawcett. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

A HUNDRED years ago Mary Wollstonecraft addressed to the "late Bishop of Autun" a strange medley of sentimental speculation, of complaint, denunciation, and entreaty, which she entitled "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman." This singular essay has now been republished, and Mrs. Fawcett, as the protagonist of women who desire a vote, introduces it afresh, with an excellent preface, to the world. It is very natural that Mrs. Fawcett should point with legitimate pride to the difference between the position of women to-day and the position of women as Mary Wollstonecraft represented it a hundred years ago. Mary Wollstonecraft wrote to protest against "the relation of man to woman as master and slave." In her day, she believed, the first aim of every woman was to get married, and the second aim of every woman was to affect to pretend, by a number of arts which men were supposed to delight in, that nothing was further than marriage from her thoughts. In her day women were taught to prefer "a sickly languor" to strength, to prefer indolence to exercise, ignorance to knowledge, clinging weakness to independence. In her day, to learn to please was the highest education of a woman. In her day, if the picture which she draws be true, women were cunning, superstitious, sly, neglectful of their children and their households, with little sense of duty or of self-respect. From that condition Mary Wollstonecraft, while admitting their moral and intellectual inferiority to men, desired to raise them to health, knowledge, and activity; and her suggestions for their improvement, mingling with her virulent attack upon their follies, make up the substance of her book. It is no wonder that those who rejoice to-day in the change effected in the position of women desire to recall the name of a writer who first advocated a sounder system of bringing up and educating girls, who first pointed out the possibility of their earning their own living, and who even suggested the medical profession as one well suited for her sex.

But interesting as much of Mary Wollstonecraft's declamation is, the style and matter of her pamphlet are often extraordinary, and her method of advocacy does not always do credit to her cause. In the first place, we must be pardoned for doubting if the women of a hundred years ago at all resembled the contemptible creatures whom the author represents. Throughout the language resorted to is emotional, hysterical, exaggerated, unreal. It makes one doubt whether the writer—with all her feeling and ability—was at all a person whose judgment many people would

respect. The pamphlet is full of digressions, of political diatribes, of somewhat crude reflection, and long discussions on sexual notions and sexual ties. It contains no system, no arrangement, a good deal of biting sarcasm, little clear thought. At one moment the author protests angrily against "the trivial attentions"—such as having their handkerchiefs picked up, or doors opened for them by men—by which women are "systematically degraded." At another she resents as an insult the common opinion that "the female understanding" arrives "sooner at maturity than the male." There are long attacks, some reasonable enough, on writers of the day—on Dr. Gregory, Dr. Fordyce, and Rousseau. There are endless little illustrations of the writer's intense, imaginative, and unbalanced mind. We wonder what the "late Bishop of Autun" thought of it all, and whether he compared it, as well he might, with other outpourings of impassioned talk with which he must have recently become familiar. That the book is worth re-publishing we do not doubt, and there is point and clearness in Mrs. Fawcett's introduction. But we would remind those who share the agitation, which presumably this re-publication is intended to promote, that if Mary Wollstonecraft was not, as a shrewd contemporary called her, "a hyena in petticoats," she at any rate displayed in her writings in a high degree that hysterical inclination to exaggerate, to set laws at defiance, and to rule the world by impulse, to the importation of which into public life the commonplace male mind demurs.

A LITERARY TIMEKEEPER.

Chronological Outlines of English Literature. By Frederick Ryland, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

This is a useful book, and one highly to be commended. It travels contentedly down the Ages from Cædmon to Mr. Alfred Austin without a murmur, and simply assigning each book to its own proper date. In 1600 Shakespeare published *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* in 1861 there first appeared "Hymns Ancient and Modern." It is all done without note or comment. Such restraint in these emotional days is really remarkable. To say nothing about anybody is sublime.

The book is arranged in five columns. The first supplies the date of first publication of important books from 600 A.D. to 1889 A.D. There are big jumps in the early part, but from 1500 the stream of publication flows continuously on, each year contributing something to the library. Mr. Ryland's second column gives the reader the dates of the births and deaths of distinguished authors, and of important events in their lives. The third column contains hints as to contemporary foreign literature, the fourth keeps you in line with general history, whilst the last is reserved for such facts as do not fall within any of the other columns. In addition to this there is an Index of Authors and of their works, with dates. The whole makes a compact volume of 350 well-printed pages.

There is immense work in the book. It is no easy task to write a Guide to First Editions. Mr. Ryland must have had great difficulty in settling his first column. It is almost as difficult to name the year when "Sordello" was first published as to read the poem itself. The present evil practice of post-dating books—for we have already works blasphemously alleging on their title-pages that they were published in 1891—will not lighten the labours of future editors of Mr. Ryland's "Outlines."

Mr. Ryland is led, not unnaturally, to refer slightingly to the works of Allibone and Lowndes. To slight Lowndes is like speaking disrespectfully of the Equator. But we are glad Mr. Ryland has had the courage to do so. As for Allibone, that he is inaccurate is no doubt true, but then what a task he set himself! The result, at all events, is pleasing. With such volumes as Allibone's and better still with Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica* before him, the general reader may let the world go hang. He will never lack sustenance.

Mr. Ryland cannot hope to escape criticism. He has not room for everybody, and consequently has had to make formidable omissions. Men will look for a favourite author, and not finding him will curse the rest. This cannot be helped. We should have preferred John Smith to Charlotte of that ilk, and the all-but Bishop Hammond to the would-be Archbishop Wilberforce—but our taste is peculiar. And so, throughout his volume, Mr. Ryland, though he makes no reflections himself, supplies food for many, sometimes of a sad and sometimes of a cheerful cast.

GUIDES TO FRANCE.

South-Eastern France; and South-Western France. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Paris," "Walks in Rome," &c. London: George Allen. 1890.

We altogether differ from the Italian critic who maintained "that every man desires to see that of which he has read; but no man desires to read an account of what he has seen." It may be quite true, as he asserted, that description falls far short of reality, but in many cases description by no means falls short of our recollections. The great scenes of nature—the Falls of Niagara, a burning mountain, the ice-fields of the higher Alps, a storm on the Atlantic—we should not care to see described if we had once seen them in reality. But the quiet places through which we have wandered, spending a few hours, or perhaps a few days, in examining their curiosities or beauties, these we willingly after a time recall to our memory in the pages of a traveller. We have the further pleasure of comparing the impression made on him with that which was made on us; while not unfrequently we wonder why he was moved by what did not touch us, and why he failed to notice what moved us so deeply. So much is this the case that we have little doubt that almost every reader of books of this kind first turns to the descriptions of the spots which he has seen, not troubling himself about what is new until he has quite satisfied his curiosity about what is old. He retraces his footsteps of past years before he plans excursions for the future. Between memories and hope, the pleasure that a man may get out of a book of travels or a guide-book such as the one before us is indeed great. We are not speaking of those tiresome people who travel from mere restlessness or boastfulness, and who see nothing because they attempt to see everything. If they turn to such a work as this, it is only to form a scheme of future bustle, scurry, and brag. The time-tables in Bradshaw far better serve their purpose than Murray, Baedeker, or these new volumes of Mr. Augustus Hare.

As, happily for ourselves, we belong to the class of those who love wandering as much as they hate racing, we have found not a little pleasure in dipping into these new handbooks to France. We have put ourselves under our author's gentle guidance, and have called back old memories that were growing dim, and have formed fresh hopes and plans. We shall be disappointed if we do not in the next few years take more than one tour in that pleasant country with one of his volumes in our hand. We do not think that he will supplant either Murray or Baedeker, but he certainly adds to them. We would willingly travel with all three as our companions. The illustrations with which his pages are so plentifully adorned are a new attraction in a guide-book. They show us what we are going to see, and long afterwards they can recall to us what we have seen. In our holidays we become, if we are wise, in a certain sense children; and all children are fond of picture-books. But it is by no means for children that Mr. Hare writes. He assumes that those who travel under his guidance are people not altogether ignorant of

letters. While he gives clear information about roads, distances, hotels, and the like, he enlivens these dry details by interesting historical and literary notes, and by numerous quotations, chiefly from French authors. He assumes that his readers are familiar with that language, for these quotations are all in the original. In this we think that he is right. So much is lost in translation that the true-born Englishman who will not take the trouble to learn French ought not to have his convenience consulted at the expense of those who are better informed. But Mr. Hare goes too far when in writing English he uses French words. It is absurd at this day to call Lyons *Lyon*. The shade of the poor ass to which Tristram Shandy gave the macaroon in the gate of his inn in that town would rise up in indignation against the change. It is true that he was a French ass, but it was in an English book that he became immortal. Neither do we like to read of S. Louis for St. Lewis, and of Napoléon for Napoleon. The Emperor's Vieille Garde should remain, what it has always hitherto been, his Old Guard, and the Rhône should be allowed to flow untroubled by a circumflex. We would not, indeed, go so far as Charles Fox, and sound the final *x* in Bourdeaux; but neither, on the other hand, will we consent to the change of names which have become English by the long custom of centuries. We held Calais long enough to have given it a pronunciation of its own. Travelled Cockneys may, if they please, call it *Cally*, just as they speak of Paris as *Parry*, to the confusion of Frenchmen, who fail to recognise either place. But an Englishman who knows his own language will not willingly suffer it to be reduced to a foreign jargon. When he speaks English he will speak English, and all the more so the more familiar he is with French.

In a still more important matter is Mr. Hare less of an Englishman than we could have wished. There is a certainly clerical or priestly turn about the book which we do not like. For instance, he gives eight closely printed pages to the life of a parish priest—curé, he calls him—who has rendered the village of Ars "a place of pilgrimage almost equally interesting to religious Catholics and Protestants." He recounts, without any expression of contempt, the monstrous folly which had made the little village of Lourdes so famous in late years. He almost seems to have a kind of sympathy for the superstition. "It may be quoted," he writes, "as a striking evidence of the power of the Catholic religion in France, that the voice of a child spoke then, and since that time 100,000 persons have annually answered." He thinks it worth while to mention a well "into which it is said the bones of 19,000 martyrs were thrown." But the cruel murder of Calas and the stir which through Voltaire it made in the civilised world he passes over in silence, in his account of Toulouse. John Stuart Mill and Bishop Colenso, who are both buried at Avignon, he introduces in a very impertinent way between two French quotations. The careless reader would be puzzled by the odd way in which their names are suddenly introduced; but a moment's reflection shows what the author meant. He was "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

Mr. Hare is more at home with the early than the late history of France. He falls into the most wonderful blunder when he makes the massacre of the Royalists at Avignon, by Jourdan, follow on the treaty of Tolentino, by which, in 1797, the Pope renounced all rights over that town. Jourdan had himself been guillotined more than three years before that treaty was made, while the massacre of which he was guilty had taken place two years before his death. In another passage our author places it in 1790, the real date being 1791. Still more wonderful in an Englishman is the blunder by which he makes Arthur Young the author of the "Night Thoughts." Compared with that confusion his mistake in changing Narcissa of that poem into Narissa is almost too trifling to notice. It is strange that in his account of Alesia, while he fills more than three closely printed pages with Martin's somewhat florid account of the famous siege, he passes over in silence the interesting discoveries which were made in the course of the investigations carried on by Napoleon III. Had he either read the Emperor's description of them, or seen the place itself, he would never surely have left them unnoticed. We can, however, better forgive him this neglect of Cæsar than the wrong he does that mighty genius when he describes him as "speaking enthusiastically in his Commentaries." He either uses words very loosely, or he knows nothing of Cæsar's style, which was as free from enthusiasm as Euclid's.

It is a strange forgetfulness, moreover, which leads our author to describe the Massif d'Oisans as "the only great detached mass of mountains which stands entirely on French soil." He has apparently been so much impressed with the thoughts of the Alps and the Pyrenees as to forget the Cevennes and the mountains of Auvergne, which rise to a height of more than 6,000 feet, while they are entirely French.

We must not, however, part company with Mr. Hare with words of censure. He has given us too much pleasure for that; and we hope that as a travelling-companion he will in days yet to come give us more pleasure still. The errors which he has made he will, we trust, soon have an opportunity of correcting in a second edition. The probability of the success of these Guides is greatly increased by the excellent way in which the publisher, Mr. George Allen of Orpington, has done his part of the work. Each volume is perhaps a little too heavy, and it might be well again to sub-divide them. But this is the only fault we have to find, and it is one that a traveller can with the help of a bookbinder easily remedy for himself.

SIR MOSES AND LADY MONTEFIORE.

DIARIES OF SIR MOSES AND LADY MONTEFIORE, COMPRISING THEIR LIFE AND WORK AS RECORDED IN THEIR DIARIES FROM 1812 TO 1883. Edited by Dr. Loewe. 2 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1890.

THE diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore are of special interest at a time like the present, when Europe is threatened with a revival of that policy of repression and persecution which, to the shame of Christendom, has for so many centuries pursued the Hebrew race. The first and foremost task to which Sir Moses Montefiore devoted himself throughout his long and honoured career was that of combating race-hatreds, sectarian persecution, and religious fanaticism; and the measure of the success which he attained may readily be discovered by the institution of a comparison between the position occupied by the Jews throughout the world at the beginning of the nineteenth century and the position which they now happily occupy in all truly civilised countries. Well might Sir Moses's biographer say of him, "His unparalleled devotion to the sacred cause of humanity in general, and the unclouded halo of a spotless integrity which encircles his name, will ever afford a splendid example for emulation, no less than the dauntless courage with which he set to work for the rescue of the suffering and the oppressed; whilst the bright guiding stars which lighted all his actions were the fear of God on high, and deeds of charity and loving kindness on earth."

The story of the origin of the volumes before us is soon told. It was the happy fortune of Sir Moses Montefiore to be united by the closest of ties to a lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and who for the period of fifty years was the sharer of his sorrows and his joys. The maiden name of Lady Montefiore was Judith, and it was in her memory that the Judith Theological College, at Ramsgate, was founded. She was the daughter of Levi Barent Cohen, and was born on February 20th, 1784. Like

Sir Moses, she had her adventures in life. "When I was a little girl," she said, "about three or four years old, I fell over the railings of a staircase, quite two storeys high, into the hall below. Everybody in the house thought I must be killed, but when they came to pick me up, they found me quietly seated, as if nothing in the world had happened to me." Her education was of the best, and her studies in foreign languages were particularly successful. We are told that she spoke French, German, and Italian fluently, and translated correctly the Hebrew language of her prayers, as well as the portions of the Pentateuch generally read in the synagogues on Sabbaths and festivals. On June 10th, 1812, she was united in wedlock with Sir Moses Montefiore, and this day was always regarded by husband and wife as a red letter day. Henceforth, we are assured, for every important act of his, where the choice was left to him, whether it was the laying of a foundation stone for a house of prayer, a charitable institution, or a business office, Sir Moses invariably fixed the date on the anniversary of his wedding-day. Lady Montefiore was a devout daughter of Israel, and not only shared all her husband's ambitions and sympathies, but accompanied him in the most difficult and perilous of his missions. By her death, in 1862, Sir Moses suffered an irreparable loss. She expired in Park Lane under the most touching and impressive circumstances. "Relatives and friends were anxious to remain with her, but she motioned to them to leave her and to go to prayers, as it was the eve of the Hebrew new year, one of the most solemn festivals. The Sabbath lamp was lighted, shedding its subdued light around, and in the adjoining oratory the hymns for the festival were softly and solemnly chanted to the ancient melodies."

That Sir Moses should have desired that a record should be preserved of so pure and sainted a life was not only natural but praiseworthy. Accordingly, we find that by his last will and testament, he directed his executors "to permit Dr. Loewe to take into his custody and care all the notes, memoranda, journals, and manuscripts written by his (Sir Moses's) deeply lamented wife, to assist him in writing a memoir of her useful and blessed life." The executors promptly complied with these instructions, and Dr. Loewe found himself in possession of five journals by Lady Montefiore, besides many valuable letters and papers, as well as of no less than eighty-five diaries of Sir Moses Montefiore, dating from 1814 to 1883. In addition to such facilities for producing a memoir, it is to be remembered that Dr. Loewe had the special advantage of having personally known both Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, and of having, between the years 1839 and 1874, accompanied one or both of them on as many as thirteen philanthropic missions to foreign lands. Unfortunately, it must be confessed, Dr. Loewe has not used his opportunities to the best advantage. He appears to have had little or no sense of proportion, as may be judged from the fact that he has thought it necessary to publish *in extenso* portions of the diaries which deal with petty incidents of merely passing interest. Hence it has come about that the two bulky volumes before us do not in themselves so much constitute an actual and readable biography of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore as they form a storehouse of materials, out of which such a biography may, perchance, hereafter be constructed.

We proceed to summarise very briefly the principal incidents in the life of the celebrated philanthropist. Moses Montefiore, then, was born at Leghorn on October 24th, 1784; he died at Ramsgate on July 27th, 1885. His early life was one of struggle and of difficulty. When quite young we find him attending school in the neighbourhood of Kennington, but his schooldays were of the briefest possible duration. There was no sphere of work open to him in any of the professions, and, as a consequence, there was nothing left for him to do but to enter upon a commercial career. Early and late he was to be seen at the desk, and we are told, and can readily believe, that in the days of his youth and early manhood he was in the habit of keeping a very strict account of the smallest item of his expenditure.

How necessary this was may be gathered from the following entry in his diary, bearing date August 20th, 1831:—"This day, five-and-twenty years ago, in 1806, J. E. D. robbed me of all I possessed in the world, and left me deeply in debt; but it pleased the Almighty in His great mercy to enable me in the course of a few years to pay everyone who had been a sufferer through me to the full extent of their loss." Montefiore's sterling qualities soon began to tell. He became one of the twelve Jewish brokers who alone were permitted to transact business on the Stock Exchange, and being joined in partnership by his brother Abraham, the firm of Montefiore Brothers came to be known in England as one entitled to the respect of all honourable men.

Having amassed a large fortune and being now well and happily married, Montefiore was free to devote himself to that which was the real aim and purpose of his life, the raising of the status of the Jews in every part of the world. In pursuit of this object he spared neither labour nor expense. He sought and secured interviews with most of the crowned heads of Europe with regard to the condition of the Jews, and obtained from the Eastern monarchs edicts and firmans on behalf of his oppressed brethren in Russia and in Turkey. Eight times did he visit the Holy Land, distributing large sums of money among the Jews of Safed, Jerusalem, Hebron, and Tiberias, and leaving behind him permanent memorials of his liberality and beneficence in the dispensary, hospital, Jewish girls' school, and almshouses which he caused to be erected in the Holy City.

Nor was he without honour in England—the country, if not of his birth, yet of his adoption. He served the office of Sheriff of London, was High Sheriff of Kent, and was Deputy-Lieutenant of the same county. He was made a knight in 1837, and a baronet in 1847. In 1864 he had conferred upon him the freedom of the city. "To you, Sir Moses Montefiore," said the Lord Mayor of that day, "a distinguished member of the Hebrew community, this great city has voted a resolution of thanks expressive of their approval of the consistent course you have pursued for a long series of years, of the sacrifices you have made, of the time you have spent, and of the wearisome journeys you have endured, in order not only to alleviate the sufferings of your co-religionists, but at the same time to alleviate the sufferings and miseries of people of all creeds and denominations." Sir Moses was in his eightieth year when he received the freedom of the city, but he had yet more than twenty years to live. Full of honours and of dignities, amidst the universal regrets of the peoples of all lands, the "Champion of Israel" passed away in the hundred and first year of his age.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. Armorel of Lyonesse: a Romance of To-day. By Walter Besant. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. The Great Taboo. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
3. Kilgroom: a Story of Ireland. By John A. Steuart. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.
4. Scot Free. By C. G. Compton. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1890.

THE heroine of Mr. Besant's new novel is a Scillonian, an inhabitant of the island of Samson. There were five other inhabitants of the island, and of these one was Armorel's great-great-grandmother and the others were her servants. So at the commencement of the first volume we find the heroine in a very lonely and unsophisticated state. She plays old-world tunes on the fiddle, makes blackberry wine, and sails about among the islands.

Mr. Besant knows all about Scilly, and is somewhat inclined to throw his knowledge in our face. This is irritating to a reviewer whose one piece of information about Scilly is a very old story as to the precariousness of the livelihood of the inhabitants—a story which may not even be true.

But even if the first few chapters had descended to the level of a sheer guide-book—and they are not nearly so bad as that—it would have been worth while to read them for the sake of the rest of the book. In "Armorel of Lyonesse," Mr. Besant is distinctly successful. He has seldom, if ever, written a better or more interesting story. The book is not a possession for ever, and it is by no means without faults—Mr. Besant does not probably need a reviewer to tell him this. It is a romance of to-day. Judged by the highest of standards, it is far from being perfect; but when we compare it with average fiction, we feel almost inclined to fall down and worship the three volumes which the compositors have set up. The feeling of any reviewer towards the author of "Armorel of Lyonesse" must be one of simple gratitude; this will not affect his attitude towards the book. We are grateful to the giver of the horse, but we examine the animal's mouth.

Armorel does not remain in her loneliness on the island for very long. It was her privilege to save two young men from drowning. One of them wore a brown velvet jacket, a white waistcoat, and a crimson necktie, and to these things he added a soft felt hat. His name was Roland Lee; he was an artist; and Armorel preferred him to his companion, and persuaded him—in the most unsophisticated way—to stay with her at her house on Samson. The intelligent reader trembles; for Armorel is a very lovable heroine, and men who wear such exceedingly soft raiment are wont to be wanting in strenuity and backbone. We will not say if the intelligent reader has any necessity to tremble for the happiness of his heroine; it does sometimes happen that the intelligent reader finds himself in the hands of a somewhat more intelligent author, and then his conjectures as to the future of the characters may not always be right. With the second volume we find Armorel in London, and the second and third volumes are undoubtedly the best of the three. In them we meet "the cleverest man in London," one who has succeeded both as an author and as an artist. He is one of the most delightful frauds that ever a novelist drew. As a villain we hate him; but for the humorous irony which he evokes from his author we love him. The idea of the fraud is not new—we have read Mr. Anstey's "The Giant's Robe," and Miss Hart's "Two English Girls"—but it is not the special property of anyone. Any author may use it, and few will use it to better purpose than Mr. Besant has done in "Armorel of Lyonesse."

It is a pity that an author with so much originality as Mr. Besant should ever use conventional, contemptible tricks. We quote one instance—there are not many in the book.

"'Of course,' Armorel repeated impatiently—this companion of hers often made her impatient—'there is nothing about you. It concerns——'

"'Mr. Fielding.'

"It was only an innocent maid who opened the door to announce an afternoon caller."

It seems to have occurred to the ingenious mind of Mr. Grant Allen that by treating his critics severely in his preface he might keep them humble while they read his novel. There is really no necessity for keeping the reviewer humble; he has been abused by everybody this year, and his spirit must surely be broken now. He cannot yet have recovered from the castigation which Archdeacon Farrar gave him some months ago, when he said that he had not found reviewers helpful. We have done nothing—absolutely nothing—to form that style, that archidiaconal style. With the sorrow of this thought upon us, we need no further humiliation. Besides, "The Great Taboo" has very little to fear from honest criticism. Mr. Grant Allen has used material which is comparatively new, and he has made a very good story out of it. It is in one volume, and it would have been spoiled by expansion. The author has not, as he points out in the preface, hampered himself with any moral, so it is not absolutely impossible that some readers may learn some excellent lessons in the story. It is quite certain that all will be interested in it. After the first few chapters, the reader begins to forget where he is, or what the time is. He is only conscious of a strong desire to discover, as soon as legitimate straightforward reading will allow him to do so, what is the secret of Korong. The hero and heroine of this story were both Korong. It is much better, if you happen to be cast on the island where the hero and heroine found themselves, to be Tula. It is impossible, unfortunately, to give any further explanation of Korong and Tula here without doing the story some injustice. There is a parrot in the book; we would not venture to say that it is an impossible parrot, but we think that it would have taken the first prize at any exhibition with considerable ease. On the whole, this is a vigorous and exciting story, written by a practical hand, and by no means devoid of originality. But it is not exactly an epoch-making book.

Mr. Steuart seems to us to be happier in the composition of a story than when he is writing letters of not very critical eulogy to living authors. "Kilgroom" is an Irish story, dedicated to Mr. Gladstone. The hold which any subject has upon the popular interest may be conjectured to some extent from the number of novels which are published dealing with that subject. The spread of doubt on the one side and fervour on the other gave us the religious novel—gave us, in fact, a little too much of it. The discoveries in hypnotism, and its recognition by great medical authorities, are responsible for that sickly personage the hypnotic hero. The multiplication of Irish stories means that the interest of people in Ireland is strong. We trust that all such stories may be written, like Mr. Steuart's "Kilgroom," in the cause of humanity and justice. Mr. Steuart's spirited description of eviction scenes, his pathetic story of the selfish cruelty of a landlord's agent, and of the miseries of his victims, are well worth reading. On such a subject the novel stands in much the same relation to the newspaper as the picture does to the letterpress of an ordinary book.

One generally knows what to expect from a cultivated man's first novel. The characters do not, perhaps, possess all the individuality which would be imparted by a very keen observer. They are a little hazily drawn, and get into their places with something like effort. On the other hand, they show breeding; their talk is always easy, and often racy, and they do not bore you with their opinions. Mr. Compton's novel has all these merits, and some more, with scarcely any of the companion defects. His style has a literary flavour which is extremely agreeable, and some of his social sketches—especially the episode of the Stoomer family, who are always competing for posts in the public service—are very fresh and humorous. It is when his story takes a graver turn that fault-finding begins. There is a crime, a very sudden crime. The secret is so ingenious that it took us in, and possibly that may account in some measure for our dissatisfaction. But whether the crime is a logical outcome of character is a serious question, which Mr. Compton's readers will probably be inclined to discuss with some heat. To be quite frank, we must say that a more maddening murder we never knew. It is calculated to make the reader dance round the room in a frenzy, as we did; but he will remember with gratitude, when he has calmed down, that Mr. Compton has given him many lively pages.